

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXV.

NEW OXFORD, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1903.

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NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that the Administration accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphan's Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 15th day of June, 1903, at 10:30 o'clock, A. M., viz:

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ESTATE OF CATHERINE CARBAUGH, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams County, Pa., deceased.—Letters of Administration, c. t. a., on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned, residing in Oxford township.

WM. H. CARBAUGH, Administrator c. t. a.

WM. HERSH, Atty.

IN ORDER

To protect your clothing from being soiled by dust whilst out driving you need a good Lap Spread. We have a large and well selected stock which we are selling at such low prices that will astonish you.

To Protect

Your horses from the flies you need a good substantial net. We have them from the finest to the heavy wagon nets, city or home made, of the best material. We also have a full line of

Harness

of all kinds, Whips, Blankets, &c. Drop in to see us whether you wish to buy or not. If you are in need of anything in our line we will sell you if low prices will do it.

Repairing neatly and promptly done at bottom prices.

I Remain, Yours for Business,

I. C. BOSSERMAN.

Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa.

New Restaurant and ICE CREAM PARLORS.

The undersigned desires to inform the citizens of New Oxford and the public in general that he has opened a Restaurant and Ice Cream Parlors in the Smith Store Room, Hanover Street, where he will at all times be ready to serve customers with the

PUREST OF ICE CREAM,

in any quantity and flavor desired.—10c pt., 20c qt.; bring along your pitchers. Also all kinds of Sandwiches and every thing kept in a first-class Restaurant. Will also have for sale at all times FRESH BREAD, ROLLS, CAKES, &c. Pies and Cakes Baked to Order.

Hoping by strict and careful attention to business to receive a liberal share of patronage, I remain

Yours for Business,

LEO F. SMITH,

Hanover Street, NEW OXFORD.

PERSONAL.

Miss Margaret Wagner, of Arendtsville, is visiting her aunts, Misses Katie and Ellen Wagner, near town.

Rev. Father Reudter assisted at the Forty Hours Devotion, at Lock Haven, the forepart of the week.

Mr. Sylvester Hetrick, of York, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Spangler Hetrick, Pitt street, over Sunday.

Mr. James Smith, wife and child, of Midway, visited his mother, Mrs. Mary Smith, West High street, over Sunday.

Mr. J. O. Swartz and wife, of Philadelphia street, spent the past week with his son, Mark, at Nazareth, and friends at Philadelphia.

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Dr. J. L. Sheetz is on a week's vacation to his old home at Womelsdorf, and will also visit friends at Lancaster, Reading, Manheim and other places.

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Adams county is to have three new bridges. Sealed proposals for their construction were received by the County Commissioners Friday afternoon and contracts awarded for their building. Nelson & Buchanan, of Chambersburg, securing all three awards for the superstructure and the mason work going to Wm. Fleming for one of them and to John Collins for the other two. The three bridges are as follows: One of 80 ft. over Lousy Run, at Slagles Fording, Mt Joy twp., one of 70 ft. over Alloways Creek at Buchers Fording, Germany twp., and one of 40 ft. over Beaver Dam Creek at Weavers Fording, Straban twp. Nelson & Buchanan's bids for all three were \$1,824. Other bids for the entire trio were as follows: J. A. Westbrook, Harrisburg, \$3,850; York Bridge Co., York, \$2,010; Rochester (N. Y.) Construction Co., \$1,919; Penn Bridge Co., \$3,650.

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By the lancing of an abscess on the sole of his left foot, Dr. A. M. Gontner, of York, contracted a case of blood poisoning, which later developed into gangrene, which caused him to die in awful agonies at the hospital on Saturday night at 8 o'clock. About three weeks ago Mr. Gontner being troubled by the abscess, which appeared on his foot, had it lanced, which caused him an immense amount of pain. The following Sunday he was troubled very much with chills and fever. After that he was unable to get out of bed and was removed to the hospital on Tuesday. Blood poisoning had set in and he suffered untold agonies. The disease affected every organ of his body, including his brain.

Dr. Gontner will be remembered by some of our people, he having spent a few weeks here at different times, as a specialist, some four or five years ago.

An Old Clock.

George M. Kohler, of Hanover, son of Capt. Jeremiah Kohler, has a grandfather's clock, which has an interesting local history. In 1797, Philip Kohler, grandfather of George M. Kohler, cut down a walnut tree on his farm, in Mountpleasant township, from which he sawed boards at Kohler's (now Myers') mill, near this place, some of which were used by Samuel Keplinger, of Gettysburg, to make the case for this clock in the year indicated. It is an eight day clock, brass face and hands, and notwithstanding it has been in use one hundred and six years, it continues to keep accurate time.

Verdict Set Aside.

Trenton, N. J., May 19.—Judge Kirkpatrick in the United States circuit court has rendered a decision setting aside the verdict of \$500 awarded Henry T. Johnson, a colored minister, in his suit against the Pullman Company. Johnson sued because he was refused a seat in a parlor car while en route from Richmond to Washington. The suit was brought under the Federal act of March, 1875, which Judge Kirkpatrick said has been declared unconstitutional. This act related to interstate commerce.

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"On the other hand, these revolutionists have not succeeded in ousting the government or in winning any particular fight, but they are decimating the government troops and the government has no more than 3,000 men under arms.

"An expedition went from La Guara by boat—about 1,500 men—to Tucacas, there to meet the forces of the revolutionists, but the result is very doubtful.

"Two days ago the news came that General Matos had left Curacao and landed in Venezuela at a point called Chicivichi, which is a few miles west of Puerto Cabello. It is said that an aggressive campaign on his part is again to be undertaken."

MILES DEFENDS SOLDIERS

Says Privates Protested Against Cruelties in Philippines.

New York, May 18.—The Army and Navy Journal prints a letter from General Nelson A. Miles, in which the writer says that he went to the Philippine Islands not as a tourist, but in an official character, and that the instructions addressed to him as "Lieutenant general, commanding the army," came from the highest authority, viz.: the president, in which he was directed to give especial attention to the instruction, discipline and supplies of the army. In referring to his official report on the Philippines, General Miles says that "no one can have a more sacred regard for the honor of the army than myself."

Coming to the subject of cruelties in the Philippines, General Miles' letter reads as follows: "It is idle to assume that campaigning in the Philippines has conditions that warrant resort to mediaeval cruelty and a departure from the honorable method of conducting warfare, and that such departures as have existed should be overlooked and condoned.

"It is most gratifying that the serious offenses have not been committed by the soldiers unless they were under the direct orders of certain officers who were responsible. Soldiers have withheld fire when ordered to shoot prisoners, protested against acts of cruelty and written to relatives at home urging them to take action to put a stop to those crimes. It will ever be one of the glories of the army that such deeds, committed by whatever authority, are abhorrent to the American soldier. The officers who are responsible, using chiefly cruel Maccabees, do not by any means constitute the American army, and there must be a very unmistakable line drawn between the great body of honorable and faithful officers and brave soldiers whose records have been commendable, and those of whatever station, whose acts have received and should receive the earnest condemnation of all honorable men."

Opposes Change of Name.

Carbondale, Pa., May 19.—The annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Central Pennsylvania is in session in Trinity Church here. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot is presiding, and about 100 clergymen, with as many laymen, are in attendance. Bishop Talbot, in his annual address, opposed a change of the name of the church at this time. He said: "I am of the opinion that a change of the name of our official title at the present time would be inexpedient. Even if at the next general convention an armative resolution leading to a change could be carried it would evidently be done at a sacrifice of feeling not justified by the results to be gained, and would inevitably leave a large minority of our people aggrieved and saddened."

SCENES OF WILD DISORDER

King Edward's Coming Visit to Ireland Makes Trouble.

Dublin, May 19.—Scenes of extreme disorder were witnessed at a meeting of citizens here in the Rotunda in support of the Irish parliamentary fund, owing to the presence of members of the Gaelic League, who are opposed to giving King Edward a friendly welcome on his coming visit to Ireland. Timothy Harrington, Lord Mayor of Dublin, was in the chair. While John Redmond was addressing the audience Mrs. McBride, formerly Miss Maude Gonne, advanced to the platform and interrupted the proceedings by asking Lord Mayor Harrington whether he intended, as head of the municipality, to oppose the presentation of an address of welcome to the king. Mr. Harrington replied in an evasive way. Mrs. McBride insisted on a direct answer, whereupon scenes of the wildest disorder occurred and prevented John Redmond from continuing his speech.

The members of the Gaelic League tried to storm the platform amid cries of "Put them out." Pierce collisions between the Gaelic Leaguers and the other members of the assembly ensued. Chairs were hurled to and from the platform and many persons were injured in the desperate efforts made to eject the disturbers and restore order. John O'Donnell, member of parliament for South Mayo, was badly injured in the head during the scuffle. Many persons fled terror stricken from the hall.

John Redmond persevered in continuing his speech and eventually a semblance of order was regained and a resolution in accordance with the object of the meeting was carried.

FANATICS DEFEATED IN CEBU

Twenty Killed by Taylor's Force. Clash With Moros Expected.

Manila, May 19.—Colonel Taylor, with a force of constabulary, defeated several bands of fanatics in the interior of Cebu Island, May 14, killing 20 and wounding several of them. A few of the constabulary were wounded. Lieutenant Walker is missing. The fanatics repeatedly charged the constabulary line.

Numerous armed bands of hostile Moros from Bacolod and Taraca, Island of Mindanao, have appeared in the vicinity of Puntar, north of the lake, and have made threatening demonstrations against the American troops. A clash is expected. Major Ballard, who with a strong force is at Puntar, is capable of dealing with the rebels. Ninety per cent. of the Lake Moros have accepted American sovereignty.

A hurricane devastated Santa Maria, Bulacan, Luzon, on Saturday. Earth shocks were felt, and during the progress of the storm the great stone barracks collapsed, killing one and injuring seven native scouts.

ROOSEVELT BREAKS RECORDS

His Coach Traveled 69 Miles in 10 Hours in Yosemite Park.

Berenda, Cal., May 19.—President Roosevelt broke all records for Yosemite Park travel when his coach came from Yosemite to Raymond, where his train awaited him, in 10 hours of actual travel. The distance is 69 miles. The president declared he never felt better in his life and his looks bore out his words. He had lost all appearance of being tired and his eye was bright.

The run from Avahance to Raymond was the dustiest of the trip, and the president and his traveling companions were badly in need of baths when they reached their train. An escort of cavalry from Fort Wood, which is situated at Wawona, accompanied the president to Raymond. When Berenda was reached the president found a large crowd gathered to greet him.

Women Held For Murder.

Lancaster, Pa., May 18.—Virginia Thomas and Belle Berry, young colored women, have been jailed on the charge of murdering Jesse M. Richardson, an infant, also colored. The baby had been placed in the charge of the Thomas woman by its parents. The accused women lived together. It is alleged that Belle Berry had frequently shown her ill will for the child. During the night they occupied the same room and in the morning the baby was found dead, evidently having been poisoned. When arraigned the Thomas woman declared that Belle Berry gave the child bedbug poison. A nearly empty bottle of this poison, containing corrosive sublimate and carbolic acid was found in the room.

Jeffries and Corbett Sign Articles.

San Francisco, May 19.—James J. Jeffries and James J. Corbett met here and signed articles for a match to take place in this city on or about August 19. The pair accepted the offer of the Yosemite Club, which will

allow the principals to divide between them 70 per cent. of the gross receipts. The referee is to be determined on two weeks before the day of the fight.

Robbed of \$50,000 Worth of Jewels. London, May 16.—It is said that Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, was robbed of \$50,000 worth of jewels while traveling from Paris to London.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Wednesday, May 13.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, died at his home in New York, aged 78 years.

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw has returned to Washington from a week's trip to Texas.

The General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church will hold its annual session in Lexington, Ky., May 21 to 30.

The annual convention of the Order of Railway Conductors of the United States, Canada and Mexico was held at Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Shipman Coal Company's colliery breaker at Shamokin, Pa., was destroyed by fire, rendering 500 employees idle. Loss, \$60,000.

The British admiralty will install the wireless system of telegraphy on all the vessels of the North American and West Indian squadrons.

Thursday, May 14.

George Gardner was given the decision over Marvin Hart at Louisville, Ky., at the end of the 12th round.

Fire destroyed the large plant of the Atlas Glass and Metal Company at Washington, Pa., causing a loss of \$125,000.

Peter Stansley, aged 110 years, died at Upper Sandusky, O. He is survived by a widow of 108 years, to whom he had been married 85 years.

The board of directors of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad Company elected David Wilcox president to succeed Robert Olyphant, resigned.

By direction of President Roosevelt, General T. J. Wint has been placed in command of the department of Visayas, in Philippines, relieving General J. M. Lee.

Friday, May 15.

The Pennsylvania Grand Commandery, Knights of Malta, will meet at Gettysburg next year.

The cotton mills of Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee have sold out to the Southern Textile Company.

Striking teamsters at Omaha, Neb., attacked non-union drivers, seriously injuring several, before the police quelled the riot.

The 78th annual commencement of the Reformed Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., was held last night and a class of 24 graduated.

Saturday, May 16.

In a collision between a trolley car and a beer wagon at Chicago 24 persons were injured, two fatally.

St. John's Cathedral of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Denver, Colo., was destroyed by an incendiary fire. Loss, \$200,000.

The sessions of the Grand Court Pennsylvania, Foresters of America, at Wilmington, adjourned to meet in Wilkesbarre, Pa., in 1905.

In a collision near Charleston, S. C., between a railroad train and a hand car, two section laborers were killed and two others fatally injured.

Monday, May 18.

Burglars stole \$7,000 from the union passenger station at Birmingham, Ala., and escaped.

Commissioner of Immigration Sargent is in Honolulu to investigate the labor situation.

The national convention of the Switchmen's Union was held at Indianapolis, Ind., today.

Minister Bowen sailed from New York for Venezuela to be gone a month after which he will go to the Hague.

The Pennsylvania Jr. O. U. A. M. celebrated the semi-centennial of the order at Wilkesbarre with a mammoth parade and mass meeting.

Patriotic societies have asked Secretary Root to suspend demolition of the walls of Manila until the necessity for their destruction has been ascertained.

Tuesday, May 19.

General Jacob H. Smith, U. S. A., retired, who is traveling for the benefit of his health, has arrived in Rome.

In a collision of freight trains near Richmond, Va., five trainmen were injured and several cars demolished.

Three miners were entombed by a cave-in at the Egnol Placer, near Helena, Mont., and were dead when taken out.

The first national convention of the poets, humorists and paragrappers of the American press was held in Baltimore last night.

With brakes that failed to work on his automobile Dr. A. K. Lowndes of Chicago dashed down a steep road and plunged into Lake Michigan.

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"It is most gratifying that the serious offenses have not been committed by the soldiers unless they were under the direct orders of certain officers who were responsible. Soldiers have withheld fire when ordered to shoot prisoners, protested against acts of cruelty and written to relatives at home urging them to take action to put a stop to those crimes. It will ever be one of the glories of the army that such deeds, committed by whatever authority, are abhorrent to the American soldier. The officers who are responsible, using chiefly cruel Macabebes, do not by any means constitute the American army, and there must be a very unmistakable line drawn between the great body of honorable and faithful officers and brave soldiers whose records have been commendable, and those of whatever station, whose acts have received and should receive the earnest condemnation of all honorable men."

Opposes Change of Name.

Carbondale, Pa., May 19.—The annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Central Pennsylvania is in session in Trinity Church here. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot is presiding, and about 100 clergymen, with as many laymen, are in attendance. Bishop Talbot, in his annual address, opposed a change of the name of the church at this time. He said: "I am of the opinion that a change of the name of our official title at the present time would be inexpedient. Even if at the next general convention an armative resolution leading to a change could be carried it would evidently be done at a sacrifice of feeling not justified by the results to be gained, and would inevitably leave a large minority of our people aggrieved and saddened."

SCENES OF WILD DISORDER

King Edward's Coming Visit to Ireland Makes Trouble.

Dublin, May 19.—Scenes of extreme disorder were witnessed at a meeting of citizens here in the Rotunda in support of the Irish parliamentary fund, owing to the presence of members of the Gaelic League, who are opposed to giving King Edward a friendly welcome on his coming visit to Ireland. Timothy Harrington, Lord Mayor of Dublin, was in the chair. While John Redmond was addressing the audience Mrs. McBride, formerly Miss Maude Gonne, advanced to the platform and interrupted the proceedings by asking Lord Mayor Harrington whether he intended, as head of the municipality, to oppose the presentation of an address of welcome to the king. Mr. Harrington replied in an evasive way. Mrs. McBride insisted on a direct answer, whereupon scenes of the wildest disorder occurred and prevented John Redmond from continuing his speech.

The members of the Gaelic League tried to storm the platform amid cries of "Put them out." Pierce collisions between the Gaelic Leaguers and the other members of the assembly ensued. Chairs were hurled to and from the platform and many persons were injured in the desperate efforts made to eject the disturbers and restore order. John O'Donnell, member of parliament for South Mayo, was badly injured in the head during the scuffle. Many persons fled terror stricken from the hall.

John Redmond persevered in continuing his speech and eventually a semblance of order was regained and a resolution in accordance with the object of the meeting was carried.

FANATICS DEFEATED IN CEBU

Twenty Killed by Taylor's Force. Clash With Moros Expected.

Manila, May 19.—Colonel Taylor, with a force of constabulary, defeated several bands of fanatics in the interior of Cebu Island, May 14, killing 20 and wounding several of them. A few of the constabulary were wounded. Lieutenant Walker is missing. The fanatics repeatedly charged the constabulary line.

Numerous armed bands of hostile Moros from Bacolod and Taraca, Island of Mindanao, have appeared in the vicinity of Puntar, north of the lake, and have made threatening demonstrations against the American troops. A clash is expected. Major Ballard, who with a strong force is at Puntar, is capable of dealing with the rebels. Ninety per cent. of the Lake Moros have accepted American sovereignty.

A hurricane devastated Santa Maria, Bulacan, Luzon, on Saturday. Earth shocks were felt, and during the progress of the storm the great stone barracks collapsed, killing one and injuring seven native scouts.

ROOSEVELT BREAKS RECORDS

His Coach Traveled 69 Miles in 10 Hours in Yosemite Park.

Berenda, Cal., May 19.—President Roosevelt broke all records for Yosemite Park travel when his coach came from Yosemite to Raymond, where his train awaited him, in 10 hours of actual travel. The distance is 69 miles. The president declared he never felt better in his life and his looks bore out his words. He had lost all appearance of being tired and his eye was bright.

The run from Awahancee to Raymond was the dustiest of the trip, and the president and his traveling companions were badly in need of baths when they reached their train. An escort of cavalry from Fort Wood, which is situated at Wawona, accompanied the president to Raymond. When Berenda was reached the president found a large crowd gathered to greet him.

Women Held For Murder.

Lancaster, Pa., May 18.—Virginia Thomas and Belle Berry, young colored women, have been jailed on the charge of murdering Jesse M. Richardson, an infant, also colored. The baby had been placed in the charge of the Thomas woman by its parents. The accused women lived together. It is alleged that Belle Berry had frequently shown her ill will for the child. During the night they occupied the same room and in the morning the baby was found dead, evidently having been poisoned. When arraigned the Thomas woman declared that Belle Berry gave the child bedbug poison. A nearly empty bottle of this poison, containing corrosive sublimate and carbolic acid was found in the room.

Jeffries and Corbett Sign Articles.

San Francisco, May 19.—James J. Jeffries and James J. Corbett met here and signed articles for a match to take place in the city on or about August 19. The pair accepted the offer of the Yosemite Club, which will

allow the principals to divide between them 70 per cent. of the gross receipts. The referee is to be determined on two weeks before the day of the fight.

Robbed of \$50,000 Worth of Jewels. London, May 16.—It is said that Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, was robbed of \$50,000 worth of jewels while traveling from Paris to London.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Wednesday, May 13.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, died at his home in New York, aged 78 years.

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw has returned to Washington from a week's trip to Texas.

The General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church will hold its annual session in Lexington, Ky., May 21 to 30.

The annual convention of the Order of Railway Conductors of the United States, Canada and Mexico was held at Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Shipman Coal Company's colliery breaker at Shamokin, Pa., was destroyed by fire, rendering 500 employees idle. Loss, \$60,000.

The British admiralty will install the wireless system of telegraphy on all the vessels of the North American and West Indian squadrons.

Thursday, May 14.

George Gardiner was given the decision over Marvin Hart at Louisville, Ky., at the end of the 12th round.

Fire destroyed the large plant of the Atlas Glass and Metal Company at Washington, Pa., causing a loss of \$125,000.

Peter Stansley, aged 110 years, died at Upper Sandusky, O. He is survived by a widow of 106 years, to whom he had been married 85 years.

The board of directors of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad Company elected David Wilcox president to succeed Robert Olyphant, resigned.

By direction of President Roosevelt, General T. J. Wint has been placed in command of the department of Visayas, in Philippines, relieving General J. M. Lee.

Friday, May 15.

The Pennsylvania Grand Commandery, Knights of Malta, will meet at Gettysburg next year.

The cotton mills of Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee have sold out to the Southern Textile Company.

Striking teamsters at Omaha, Neb., attacked non-union drivers, seriously injuring several, before the police quelled the riot.

The 78th annual commencement of the Reformed Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., was held last night and a class of 24 graduated.

Saturday, May 16.

In a collision between a trolley car and a beer wagon at Chicago 24 persons were injured, two fatally.

St. John's Cathedral of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Denver, Colo., was destroyed by an incendiary fire. Loss, \$200,000.

The sessions of the Grand Court Pennsylvania, Foresters of America, at Wilmington, adjourned to meet in Wilkesbarre, Pa., in 1905.

In a collision near Charleston, S. C., between a railroad train and a hand car, two section laborers were killed and two others fatally injured.

Monday, May 18.

Burglars stole \$7,000 from the union passenger station at Birmingham, Ala., and escaped.

Commissioner of Immigration Sargent is in Honolulu to investigate the labor situation.

The national convention of the Switchmen's Union was held at Indianapolis, Ind., today.

Minister Bowen sailed from New York for Venezuela to be gone a month after which he will go to The Hague.

The Pennsylvania Jr. O. U. A. M. celebrated the semi-centennial of the order at Wilkesbarre with a mammoth parade and mass meeting.

Patriotic societies have asked Secretary Root to suspend demolition of the walls of Manila until the necessity for their destruction has been ascertained.

Tuesday, May 19.

General Jacob H. Smith, U. S. A., retired, who is traveling for the benefit of his health, has arrived in Rome.

In a collision of freight trains near Richmond, Va., five trainmen were injured and several cars demolished.

Three miners were entombed by a cave-in at the Egnol Placer, near Helena, Mont., and were dead when taken out.

The first national convention of the poets, humorists and paragrappers of the American press was held in Baltimore last night.

With brakes that failed to work on his automobile Dr. A. K. Lowen of Chicago dashed down a steep road and plunged into Lake Michigan.

FRIENDSHIP.

It is not while riches and splendor surround us,
That lovers and friends can be put to the test;
Tis but when affliction's cold presence has
Sound us, and we find which the hearts are that love
us the best.
For friends will fawn
At fortune's dawn,
While the breeze and the tide sweeps us
stendly on;
But when sorrow o'erlakes us
Each false one forsake us,
And leaves us to sink, or to struggle alone.

Though on love's altar the flame that is
glowing
Burns brighter, yet friendship's steady
far;
One wavers and turns with each wind that
is blowing,
And is but a meteor; the other's a
star.
In youth love's light
Burns warm and bright,
But it dies ere the winter of age be past;
While friendship's flame
Burns ever the same,
Or grows but the brighter, the nearer the
last.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

"HEN I was young—"
"When were you not?"
he interrupted, in a voice
of exaggerated surprise.
"When I was younger,
then," she laughed, "if that is any bet-
ter."

"I think it is—much."
"Well, then, when I was younger—"
"Before I knew you?"
"Long before. In fact, when I was
quite a small child."

"A very nice small child, I'm sure,"
he murmured, with a sigh.

"That shows it was before you knew
me," she laughed again. "I was the
very worst small child you could pos-
sibly imagine."

"I can't possibly imagine that."
"If I had been a little angel—"

"I should never have met you."
"Oh, you might."

"Thank you. But I'm afraid not. Lit-
tle angels don't stop on earth."

Their glances met; her eyes caught
a twinkle from his, and they laughed
together.

"What were we saying?"
"I was saying," he reminded her, "that
we arranged last week that I should
come and see you and your mother
to the Royal Academy this afternoon,
and now when I call—and, as I pointed
out, it isn't every day that I can leave
my military duties at the War Office
to look after themselves—your mother
is lying down with an attack of neu-
ralgia, and has asked you to postpone
going till to-morrow—"

"Oh, yes! And then you said she
was perverse, provoking, capricious,
and all sorts of things, and I said I be-
lieved she was, and I took after her—"

"And I said you were mistaken in
that."

"So I was going to tell you an anec-
dote of myself to prove that I am not
mistaken, only you keep interrupting
me."

"Please let me have the rest of the
anecdote, and I'll try not to interrupt
again—I'll try hard."

He was young; what was more, he
was decidedly good looking; what was
more still, his manners were engaging
and persuasive, and his dry, gently
ironical tricks of speech gave his airy
notings a pleasant piquancy, all of
which must have prepossessed her in
his favor even had no subtler senti-
ment inclined her toward him.

"Well, when I was a small child,"
she yielded to his entreaty, "I was
dreadfully wilful, and had the most
shocking temper—"

"You must have lost it before I met
you."

"And I remember one day I was out
with my nurse, and, being in one of
my wickedest moods, I insisted on do-
ing everything she told me not to do.
For instance, I would keep running
races with Charley—dear old Char-
ley—"

"Oh, why wasn't I Charley?"
"He was only a dog."

"Ah, but you didn't treat him like
one."

"You promised not to—"

"I apologize. Not another word!"
"I kept running races with Charley,
and nurse kept telling me not to; she
said I was overhauling myself and
should catch cold, and that, racing in
the middle of the road, I should be
run over and killed; but I took no no-
tice. The more she warned me and
ordered me to walk quietly with her,
the more disobedient I was, and at last,
all of a sudden, she managed to catch
hold of me and slapped me angrily—"

"No—no!"
"Slapped me so hard that I cried."
"This is heartrending!"

He leaned back in his chair and re-
garded her with pensive sympathy.

"I won't tell you any more," she said,
smiling, "if you are going to be silly
about it."

"Tell me the rest," he implored, "and
I will be wise."

"It happened that our dear old vicar
was coming up the road—"

"Dear old chap!" he murmured ab-
sently. "Why wasn't I the vicar?"

"He saw nurse slap me, and when he
reached us he stopped and spoke to her,
and patted me on the head and told me
not to cry. Of course, I cried more
than ever—"

"Naturally—you would!"

"It made him fancy I was hurt, and
he lectured nurse quite severely on the
sinfulness of letting her angry passions
rise. He told her she ought to be
patient with me and win my affection,
and govern me by kindness, not by
force. It made me feel good to listen
to him, and I know it made me think
what a bad woman nurse really
was."

"She hadn't a word to say for her-
self?"

"On the contrary, she said a great
deal. She said I was wilful and pas-
sionate, and everything that was con-
tradictory and unmanageable, and
there was only one way of dealing
with me, and that was by punishing
me and making me do as I was told."

"The dear old vicar didn't admit that,
I hope?"

"He was angry with her. He said
there were more ways than one in
which I could be managed. He said
I was high-spirited and self-willed and
obstinate—"

"What a dear old friend!"

"He told her I was one of those who
could not be driven, but I could very
easily be led, and all that was neces-
sary was a little tact."

"I hope it did the nurse good?"

"Only for a few minutes. As soon
as we turned a bend of the road, and
were out of his sight, she shook her
finger at me, and said she didn't care
for the vicar, he was an old donkey,
and the next time I disobeyed her she
would make me remember it."

"What did you say to that?"

"Nothing; but I ran away with Char-
ley at once."

"I knew you would."

"I suppose I am naturally perverse.
It is always the same—if anybody is
anxious that I should do anything, I
feel a natural, wicked impulse not to
do it; and if anybody does not want
me to do it then somehow I don't want
to do anything else. It was this feel-
ing that made me run off with Charley
almost before nurse had finished speak-
ing."

"Did she punish you again?"

"She couldn't catch me?"

"I guessed as much. Who can?"

He gazed at her meaningly, with a
wry shake of the head, and she blushed
and laughed, as understanding him.

"I ought to know," he sighed.

"Now you are going to be silly
again."

"No; I've given it up. I've been silly
twice, but I'm trying to be sensible
now."

"You find it difficult?"

"It's not as easy as being silly. I
suppose it never is, for any one. But
I've got to persevere—I've got to make
the best of my miserable lot, some-
how, you know."

"So very unhappy is it?"

"At present—yes. But I daresay I
shall get used to it. When one has
been living in the tropics, and is ban-
ished to the North Pole, he feels at
first like perishing in the cold; but in
time he becomes so thoroughly acclima-
tized that if ever he were allowed to
return he would certainly die of a
sunstroke."

"And you are thinking of going to the
North Pole?"

He gazed at her reproachfully.

"I am there already," he said. "I
have been there for some weeks, and
am beginning to get reconciled to the
climate. I am making up my mind to
marry and settle down there, and try
to forget how happy I used to be
before I was an exile. You have heard,
no doubt?"

"Heard what?"

"These things generally get about
fast enough. I made sure you would
have heard."

"Perhaps I had. When you tell me
what you are referring to—"

"I thought I had. To my marriage,
of course."

She gave him a quick, startled look,
but said nothing.

"You had heard?"

"No."

Her speech and manner had under-
gone a sudden curious constraint; when
she spoke her voice had such a far-off,
alien sound, she could scarcely believe
it was her own.

"Well, now you have, you don't con-
gratulate me."

"I do. Of course I do."

"Thanks—I had hoped—"

"That I wouldn't? Why shouldn't I
congratulate you, as much as any one
else, on your happiness?"

"Because I am not happy."

"Not? Then why are you—"

"For that very reason—because I am
not happy. How can I be while I am
always in suspense, and hoping after
the impossible? If I definitely cut
myself off from that happiness, and
my last hope of it, I may be able to
settle down into some sort of resigned
peacefulness, you see. I can't hope
for more than that now. There was a
time when I hoped—but you know
what."

She remained silent, clasping and un-
clasping her hands on her lap in a
dreamy bewilderment.

"When I first told you that I loved

you, Netta"—all trace of gayety and
indifference seemed to have fallen from
him, and left him pathetically ennobled
by an intense earnestness—"and you
laughed at me, and sent me away—"

"I—I did not laugh at you—"

She fired resentfully, though the
tears she was keeping back were
stinging under her eyelids.

"When you sent me away," he con-
tinued, sorrowfully, "I thought my
heart was broken. I didn't want to
live; I felt that the whole world was
empty, without you. For days and
days I was unspeakably wretched and
then—"

She bit her lip and kept her eyes
turned away from him, angry with
herself for being taken unawares and
overcome by his unexpected news, and
touched by the pathos of his con-
fession.

"Then I began to hope again," he
went on, "and by and by I fooled
myself into fancying that you had
changed, and one day I came to you
as I had come before. . . . And you
sent me away as you had sent me be-
fore. If I came to you again in the
same way I feel that, in the same way,
you would only send me away again;
so what am I to do?"

She did not answer him.

"I thought to myself, I must die out
of my old life and begin a new one.
When you're past hope, the wisest
thing is to give up hoping; then you're
past despair. Once I might have been
happy; now I shall have to be satisfied
if I am not miserable. I can never
leave off loving you, Netta, but I shall
not make myself a nuisance to you—"

"You have—you have never made
yourself a—"

Her voice fluttered in her throat, and
she discreetly let it die there, sooner
than it should falter and die on her
lips, and so betray her heart to him.

"You will forget me, no doubt, but I
shall remember you always." He
glanced toward her. She was not look-
ing at him, but an indefinable some-
thing in her subdued expression, in
her very attitude, thrilled him through
with an ecstatic consciousness and as-
surance that brought him instantly to
his feet with a tremulous cry of
"Netta!"

She rose, startled, and made a con-
fused little movement, as if she would
have evaded him and escaped from his
sight before her self-restraint was
broken down altogether.

But there was no escape for her. He
caught her impulsively in his arms and
drew her, after a faint, futile resist-
ance, close and closer to him.

"Only tell me I have misunderstood
you," he pleaded; "I have been too
impatient—"

"No; it is too late," she faltered,
ashamed of her strange weakness and
clasping her hands over her face to
hide it from him, since she could not
free herself from his detaining em-
brace.

"It isn't too late, Netta," he insisted,
drawing her head down on his breast
so that her face was hidden there.

"I love you more than ever, and if
you love me only ever so little, how
can it be too late?"

"How can you tell—her—"

"I have told her!" he laughed, excit-
edly. "If you are not angry with me,
she won't be. If you love me, she will
love me. If you will marry me—"

Netta waited.

"I shall marry her!"

"And in a flash she saw through his
deceit.

"Don't look up, dear," he said, keep-
ing one arm resolutely about her and
laying a hand lightly on the curly
brown head. "I am ashamed of my-
self for such trickery. But I had no
idea of behaving so meanly when I
came this afternoon. I had not planned
it at all. It really was not my fault."

"Do you mean it was mine?"

He was not sure from her voice
whether she was laughing or crying.

"No, no—not yours. It was all
through the dear old vicar. It was
entirely his fault. While you were
telling me his notion that you could
be led but not driven, and what he
said about more ways than one, it
struck me suddenly that I had tried
one way twice, and I wondered
whether it was any good trying again,
and trying in a different way. . . .
Will you forgive me, Netta, and let's
blame the dear old vicar? . . . Don't
look up, dear, until you can forgive me
—I don't want to see you looking angry
with me, now."

But she did look up, at last, and she
didn't look angry; for though there
were tears in her eyes, there was a
wistful light shining through them
that made them sweeter and happier
than any laughter.—Black and White.

Romance of Millions.

From Odessa comes a romantic story
of a miser's millions. A man named
Raeti died some months ago amid sur-
roundings indicative of the utmost
penury. On his death bed he said to
his friends: "I leave nothing but
debts," but on a judicial inventory of
his possessions being made it has been
found that he died worth \$20,000,000,
most of which was invested in British
securities.

Rescued the Doll.

While a fire was in progress at a
house in Rue Monsigny, Paris, a poodle
was seen to rush upstairs and return
with a doll, which was joyfully seized
by a six-year-old daughter of the
tenant.

The Fun of It All.

The fun of being a fool over a wom-
an is the enjoyment you get out of
the fun she gets out of it.—New York
Press.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Carborundum melts only at a temper-
ature far above that ordinarily gener-
ated for smelting ores and metals. It
is therefore proposed as a coating for
fire bricks, to be applied as a paste
with sodium silicate, and tests have
shown that a twelfth-inch coating pro-
tects the bricks from the greatest heat
of ordinary work with metals.

The Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor
electrical lamp is the cheapest light
in the world—barring the sun. It has
no red rays, and is, therefore, less irri-
tating to the eye than any other light,
but this absence of red rays makes
colors mixed with red appear as shades
of dirty brown or bright violet, and the
woodwork of the room is given a green-
ish tint, while the faces of persons are
green, blotched with purple.

Arsenic, the dreaded poison that Pro-
fessor Armand Gautier, of Paris, as-
serts is essential to life, proves to be
disseminated in the primitive rocks,
from which sea water derives its store.
The minute quantity taken in the food
becomes localized in the skin and its
appendages, the thyroid and mammary
glands, the brain and the bones, and it
is stated to be the exciting ferment
of the functions of sensation and re-
production, just as phosphorus is the
exciting element in the functions of
cellular nutrition.

The curious phenomena of "symp-
hism" are being investigated by E.
Wasmann, a German zoologist. This
is the harboring of foreign species of
insects, etc., in the nests of ants and
termites, and it is found that more
than 100 species of arthropods, or crea-
tures with jointed legs, are thus asso-
ciated with the ants, at least, eighty-
five or ninety species being beetles.
All are recognized easily by certain
peculiarities. Most notable among
the characteristics of these beetles are
their oily reddish-brown color, and spe-
cial exudation organs or pores with
brownish hairs, but there are also mod-
ifications of the mouth and other parts.

An interesting report of an ethnologi-
cal expedition taken through the fast-
disappearing Indian tribes of Northern
California by scientists from the Uni-
versity of California has been issued.
Among the objects of the expedition
was the gathering of mythological and
linguistic information from such tribes
as the Pomo, Athapascans, Hupas,
Chimarikos, Sastans, Yuroks, Shastas
and Wishosks. Word lists were se-
cured, in many cases from the sole sur-
viving members of an almost extinct
tribe; and with such meagre vocabu-
laries as these afforded, an effort was
made to trace relationship between the
northern tribes. Several Indians have
been brought to Berkeley for the pur-
pose of reproducing the languages oral-
ly, so that they may finally be tran-
scribed by the Rousselot apparatus for
recording sounds.

The bureau of plant industry in the
Agricultural Department will make an
interesting experiment in orange cul-
ture during the summer. For several
years the efforts of the department
have been directed to the task of pro-
ducing a "frost-resistant" orange—that
is, an orange that can be successfully
grown in northern latitudes. It is now
claimed that a hybrid orange has been
produced which will grow in the most
northern latitudes of the United States.
A shipment of small trees is to be
made to Wenatchee County, in the
State of Washington, and the culture of
these oranges will be tried on one of
the farms of that noted agricultural
region. The new orange is very tart,
but is said to be excellent for table
use and for making preserves and
marmalades. The Agricultural De-
partment promises to produce a sweet
"frost-resistant" orange within the
next three years.

Modern Delivery Wagons.

A delivery wagon of the latest type
stood in front of a well-known jewelry
store the other night. Inside the store
the clerks were closing up. Very soon
one of them came out armed with a
screwdriver and began removing from
the sides of the wagon two large silver
plates bearing the firm's name. The
plates were the only adornment other
than a very high polish on the rig.

"That's funny," remarked a bystand-
er who watched the clerk's operation.

"Funny, eh?" said the clerk. "Well,
those plates are worth \$200, and you
don't suppose we're taking any
chances with them in a big livery
stable."

He took the plates inside and put
them with other silverware in the safe.
The same thing happens in more than
one store. Up-to-date delivery wagons
in this city are often rather valuable
property. The wagon of one florist
bears his name in large gold letters
on the sides. They are so arranged
that they can be removed every night
and replaced in the morning.—New
York Sun.

The Fun of It All.

The fun of being a fool over a wom-
an is the enjoyment you get out of
the fun she gets out of it.—New York
Press.

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of all kinds, Cypress, Poplar and
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partment of the St. Louis World's
Fair, has completed preliminary ar-
rangement for a splendid Swedish and
Norwegian representation at the Ex-
position.

Several old naval men have just ob-
tained "prize money" which fell due
to them when they were boys and had
been lying at the British Admiralty for
over 50 years.

FRIENDSHIP.

It is not while riches and splendor surround us,
That lovers and friends can be put to the test;
Tis but when affliction's cold presence has
Ourselves and the hearts are that love
We find which the hearts are that love
us the best.
For friends will fawn
At fortune's dawn,
While the breeze and the tide sweeps us
stendly on;
But when sorrow o'erlakes us
Each false one forsake us,
And leaves us to sink, or to struggle alone.

Though on love's altar the flame that is
glowing
Burns brighter, yet friendship's is stead-
ier far;
One wavers and turns with each wind that
is blowing,
And is but a meteor; the other's a
star.
In youth love's light
Burns warm and bright,
But it dies ere the winter of age be past;
While friendship's flame
Burns ever the same,
Or grows but the brighter, the nearer the
last.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

WHEN I was young—"When were you not?" he interrupted, in a voice of exaggerated surprise.

"When I was younger, then," she laughed, "if that is any better."

"I think it is—much."

"Well, then, when I was younger—" "Before I knew you?"

"Long before. In fact, when I was quite a small child."

"A very nice small child, I'm sure," he murmured, with a sigh.

"That shows it was before you knew me," she laughed again. "I was the very worst small child you could possibly imagine."

"I can't possibly imagine that."

"If I had been a little angel—" "I should never have met you."

"Oh, you might."

"Thank you. But I'm afraid not. Little angels don't stop on earth."

Their glances met; her eyes caught a twinkle from his, and they laughed together.

"What were we saying?"

"I was saying," he reminded her, "that we arranged last week that I should come and escort you and your mother to the Royal Academy this afternoon, and now when I call—and, as I pointed out, it isn't every day that I can leave my military duties at the War Office to look after themselves—your mother is lying down with an attack of neuralgia, and has asked you to postpone going till to-morrow—"

"Oh, yes! And then you said she was perverse, provoking, capricious, and all sorts of things, and I said I believed she was, and I took after her—"

"And I said you were mistaken in that."

"So I was going to tell you an anecdote of myself to prove that I am not mistaken, only you keep interrupting me."

"Please let me have the rest of the anecdote, and I'll try not to interrupt again—I'll try hard."

He was young; what was more, he was decidedly good looking; what was more still, his manners were engaging and persuasive, and his dry, gently ironical tricks of speech gave his airy nothings a pleasant piquancy, all of which must have prepossessed her in his favor even had no subtler sentiment inclined her toward him.

"Well, when I was a small child," she yielded to his entreaty, "I was dreadfully wilful, and had the most shocking temper—"

"You must have lost it before I met you."

"And I remember one day I was out with my nurse, and, being in one of my wickedest moods, I insisted on doing everything she told me not to do. For instance, I would keep running races with Charley—dear old Charley—"

"Oh, why wasn't I Charley?"

"He was only a dog."

"Ah, but you didn't treat him like one."

"You promised not to—"

"I apologize. Not another word!"

"I kept running races with Charley, and nurse kept telling me not to; she said I was overheating myself and should catch cold, and that, racing in the middle of the road, I should be run over and killed; but I took no notice. The more she warned me and ordered me to walk quietly with her, the more disobedient I was, and at last, all of a sudden, she managed to catch hold of me and slapped me angrily—"

"No—no!"

"Slapped me so hard that I cried."

"This is heartrending!"

He leaned back in his chair and regarded her with pensive sympathy.

"I won't tell you any more," she said, smiling, "if you are going to be silly about it."

"Tell me the rest," he implored, "and I will be wise."

"It happened that our dear old vicar was coming up the road—"

"Dear old chap!" he murmured absently. "Why wasn't I the vicar?"

"He saw nurse slap me, and when he reached us he stopped and spoke to her, and patted me on the head and told me not to cry. Of course, I cried more than ever—"

"Naturally—you would!"

"It made him fancy I was hurt, and he lectured nurse quite severely on the sinfulness of letting her angry passions rise. He told her she ought to be patient with me and win my affection, and govern me by kindness, not by force. It made me feel good to listen to him, and I know it made me think what a bad woman nurse really was."

"She hadn't a word to say for herself?"

"On the contrary, she said a great deal. She said I was wilful and passionate, and everything that was contradictory and unmanageable, and there was only one way of dealing with me, and that was by punishing me and making me do as I was told."

"The dear old vicar didn't admit that, I hope?"

"He was angry with her. He said there were more ways than one in which I could be managed. He said I was high-spirited and self-willed and obstinate—"

"What a dear old friend!"

"He told her I was one of those who could not be driven, but I could very easily be led, and all that was necessary was a little tact."

"I hope it did the nurse good?"

"Only for a few minutes. As soon as we turned a bend of the road, and were out of his sight, she shook her finger at me, and said she didn't care for the vicar, he was an old donkey, and the next time I disobeyed her she would make me remember it."

"What did you say to that?"

"Nothing; but I ran away with Charley at once."

"I know you would."

"I suppose I am naturally perverse. It is always the same—if anybody is anxious that I should do anything, I feel a natural, wicked impulse not to do it; and if anybody does not want me to do it then somehow I don't want to do anything else. It was this feeling that made me run off with Charley almost before nurse had finished speaking."

"Did she punish you again?"

"She couldn't catch me."

"I guessed as much. Who can?"

He gazed at her meaningly, with a wry shake of the head, and she blushed and laughed, as understanding him.

"I ought to know," he sighed.

"Now you are going to be silly again."

"No; I've given it up. I've been silly twice, but I'm trying to be sensible now."

"You find it difficult?"

"It's not as easy as being silly. I suppose it never is, for any one. But I've got to persevere—I've got to make the best of my miserable lot, somehow, you know."

"So very unhappy is it?"

"At present—yes. But I daresay I shall get used to it. When one has been living in the tropics, and is banished to the North Pole, he feels at first like perishing in the cold; but in time he becomes so thoroughly acclimatized that if ever he were allowed to return he would certainly die of a sunstroke."

"And you are thinking of going to the North Pole?"

He gazed at her reproachfully.

"I am there already," he said. "I have been there for some weeks, and am beginning to get reconciled to the climate. I am making up my mind to marry and settle down there, and try to forget how happy I used to be before I was an exile. You have heard, no doubt?"

"I heard what?"

"These things generally get about fast enough. I made sure you would have heard."

"Perhaps I had. When you tell me what you are referring to—"

"I thought I had. To my marriage, of course."

She gave him a quick, startled look, but said nothing.

"You had heard?"

"No."

Her speech and manner had undergone a sudden curious constraint; when she spoke her voice had such a far-off, alien sound, she could scarcely believe it was her own.

"Well, now you have, you don't congratulate me."

"I do. Of course I do."

"Thanks—I had hoped—"

"That I wouldn't? Why shouldn't I congratulate you, as much as any one else, on your happiness?"

"Because I am not happy."

"Not? Then why are you—"

"For that very reason—because I am not happy. How can I be while I am always in suspense, and hoping after the impossible? If I definitely cut myself off from that happiness, and my last hope of it, I may be able to settle down into some sort of resigned peacefulness, you see. I can't hope for more than that now. There was a time when I hoped—but you know what."

She remained silent, clasping and unclasping her hands on her lap in a dreamy bewilderment.

"When I first told you that I loved

you, Netta"—all trace of gaiety and indifference seemed to have fallen from him, and left him pathetically ennobled by an intense earnestness—"and you laughed at me, and sent me away—"

"I did not laugh at you—"

She fired resentfully, though the tears she was keeping back were stinging under her eyelids.

"When you sent me away," he continued, sorrowfully, "I thought my heart was broken. I didn't want to live; I felt that the whole world was empty, without you. For days and days I was unspeakably wretched and then—"

She bit her lip and kept her eyes turned away from him, angry with herself for being taken unawares and overcome by his unexpected news, and touched by the pathos of his confession.

"Then I began to hope again," he went on, "and by and by I fooled myself into fancying that you had changed, and one day I came to you as I had come before. . . . And you sent me away as you had sent me before. If I came to you again in the same way I feel that, in the same way, you would only send me away again; so what am I to do?"

She did not answer him.

"I thought to myself, I must die out of my old life and begin a new one. When you're past hope, the wisest thing is to give up hoping; then you're past despair. Once I might have been happy; now I shall have to be satisfied if I am not miserable. I can never leave off loving you, Netta, but I shall not make myself a nuisance to you—"

"You have—you have never made yourself a—"

Her voice fluttered in her throat, and she discreetly let it die there, sooner than it should falter and die on her lips, and so betray her heart to him.

"You will forget me, no doubt, but I shall remember you always." He glanced toward her. She was not looking at him, but an indefinable something in her subdued expression, in her very attitude, thrilled him through with an ecstatic consciousness and assurance that brought him instantly to his feet with a tremulous cry of "Netta!"

She rose, startled, and made a confused little movement, as if she would have evaded him and escaped from his sight before her self-restraint was broken down altogether.

But there was no escape for her. He caught her impulsively in his arms and drew her, after a faint, futile resistance, close and closer to him.

"Only tell me I have misunderstood you," he pleaded; "I have been too impatient—"

"No; it is too late," she faltered, ashamed of her strange weakness and clasping her hands over her face to hide it from him, since she could not free herself from his detaining embrace.

"It isn't too late, Netta," he insisted, drawing her head down on his breast so that her face was hidden there. "I love you more than ever, and if you love me only ever so little, how can it be too late?"

"How can you tell—her—"

"I have told her!" he laughed, excitedly. "If you are not angry with me, she won't be. If you love me, she will love me. If you will marry me—"

Netta waited.

"I shall marry her!"

"And in a flash she saw through his deceit."

"Don't look up, dear," he said, keeping one arm resolutely about her and laying a hand lightly on the curly brown head. "I am ashamed of myself for such trickery. But I had no idea of behaving so meanly when I came this afternoon. I had not planned it at all. It really was not my fault."

"Do you mean it was mine?"

He was not sure from her voice whether she was laughing or crying.

"No, no—not yours. It was all through the dear old vicar. It was entirely his fault. While you were telling me his notion that you could be led but not driven, and what he said about more ways than one, it struck me suddenly that I had tried one way twice, and I wondered whether it was any good trying again, and trying in a different way. . . . Will you forgive me, Netta, and let's blame the dear old vicar? . . . Don't look up, dear, until you can forgive me—I don't want to see you looking angry with me, now."

But she did look up, at last, and she didn't look angry; for though there were tears in her eyes, there was a wistful light shining through them that made them sweeter and happier than any laughter.—Black and White.

Romance of Millions.

From Odessa comes a romantic story of a miser's millions. A man named Raedl died some months ago amid surroundings indicative of the utmost penury. On his death bed he said to his friends: "I leave nothing but debts," but on a judicial inventory of his possessions being made it has been found that he died worth \$20,000,000, most of which was invested in British securities.

Rescued the Doll.

While a fire was in progress at a house in Rue Monsigny, Paris, a poodle was seen to rush upstairs and return with a doll, which was joyfully seized by a six-year-old daughter of the tenant.

The Fun of It All.

The fun of being a fool over a woman is the enjoyment you get out of the fun she gets out of it.—New York Press.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Carborundum melts only at a temperature far above that ordinarily generated for smelting ores and metals. It is therefore proposed as a coating for fire bricks, to be applied as a paste with sodium silicate, and tests have shown that a twelfth-inch coating protects the bricks from the greatest heat of ordinary work with metals.

The Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor electrical lamp is the cheapest light in the world—barring the sun. It has no red rays, and is, therefore, less irritating to the eye than any other light, but this absence of red rays makes colors mixed with red appear as shades of dirty brown or bright violet, and the woodwork of the room is given a greenish tint, while the faces of persons are green, blotched with purple.

Arsenic, the dreaded poison that Professor Armand Gautier, of Paris, asserts is essential to life, proves to be disseminated in the primitive rocks, from which sea water derives its store. The minute quantity taken in the food becomes localized in the skin and its appendages, the thyroid and mammary glands, the brain and the bones, and it is stated to be the exciting ferment of the functions of sensation and reproduction, just as phosphorus is the exciting element in the functions of cellular nutrition.

The curious phenomena of "sympylism" are being investigated by E. Wasmann, a German zoologist. This is the harboring of foreign species of insects, etc., in the nests of ants and termites, and it is found that more than 100 species of anthopods, or creatures with jointed legs, are thus associated with the ants, at least, eighty-five or ninety species being beetles. All are recognized easily by certain peculiarities. Most notable among the characteristics of these beetles are their oily reddish-brown color, and special exudation organs or pores with brownish hairs, but there are also modifications of the mouth and other parts.

An interesting report of an ethnological expedition taken through the fast-disappearing Indian tribes of Northern California by scientists from the University of California has been issued. Among the objects of the expedition was the gathering of mythological and linguistic information from such tribes as the Pomo, Athapascans, Hupas, Chimarkos, Sasteans, Yuroks, Shastas and Wishosks. Word lists were secured, in many cases from the sole surviving members of an almost extinct tribe; and with such meagre vocabularies as these afforded, an effort was made to trace relationship between the northern tribes. Several Indians have been brought to Berkeley for the purpose of reproducing the languages orally, so that they may finally be transcribed by the Rousselot apparatus for recording sounds.

The bureau of plant industry in the Agricultural Department will make an interesting experiment in orange culture during the summer. For several years the efforts of the department have been directed to the task of producing a "frost-resistant" orange—that is, an orange that can be successfully grown in northern latitudes. It is now claimed that a hybrid orange has been produced which will grow in the most northern latitudes of the United States. A shipment of small trees is to be made to Wenatchee County, in the State of Washington, and the culture of these oranges will be tried on one of the farms of that noted agricultural region. The new orange is very tart, but is said to be excellent for table use and for making preserves and marmalades. The Agricultural Department promises to produce a sweet "frost-resistant" orange within the next three years.

Modern Delivery Wagons.
A delivery wagon of the latest type stood in front of a well-known jewelry store the other night. Inside the store the clerks were closing up. Very soon one of them came out armed with a screwdriver and began removing from the sides of the wagon two large silver plates bearing the firm's name. The plates were the only adornment other than a very high polish on the rig. "That's funny," remarked a bystander who watched the clerk's operation. "Funny, eh?" said the clerk. "Well, those plates are worth \$200, and you don't suppose we're taking any chances with them in a big livery stable."

He took the plates inside and put them with other silverware in the safe. The same thing happens in more than one store. Up-to-date delivery wagons in this city are often rather valuable property. The wagon of one florist bears his name in large gold letters on the sides. They are so arranged that they can be removed every night and replaced in the morning.—New York Sun.

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Art of Stump Speaking.

By Lieutenant-Governor Curtis Gould, Jr.

THE part that the public speaker plays in our National life is familiar enough, but the manner and method of it have changed in late years almost as much as the methods of the stage. The old-fashioned stump speaker carried little weight to-day, though in that select class that still regards politics as "low" a political speaker is still supposed to deal largely in personalities varied with comic stories more or less reflecting upon the methods and morals of the opposite party.

It is a hopeful sign of the future that though abuse of men in public life unhappily still exists, it is no longer effective. The speaker who fails to recognize the honest intentions of honest men who disagree with him carries no conviction. Neither are audiences who assemble at political meetings satisfied with smooth generalities phrased in gracious language or even with the sarcasm, wit and buffoonery which may and does provoke their amusement and applause.

The speaker who wishes to attract votes to his party to-day must have something more than a pleasing personality and a smooth tongue. He must state specific facts and present specific evidence in support of his argument. Mingling with a crowd in North Dakota during the speech of a noted orator on a certain National issue, I heard his general statement as to the attitudes of the respective parties in Congress received with utter incredulity and disbelief. A few weeks afterward I heard a Massachusetts Congressman present the same issue in Massachusetts. He did not indulge in eloquent generalities. He produced a copy of the Congressional Record, read the essential part of the bill in question, read the vote and invited the audience to examine the official record. That speech counted.

The man with convictions who talks to his audience and tells them what he knows and believes, has taken the place of the gentleman who left his audience amused, but not instructed. The preparation of a political speech that is to be effective involves much hard study and investigation. Even then it is likely to fail utterly in its purpose if, in the excitement of delivery, the speaker overstates his case or forgets the rules of courtesy, which happily for our political future, are now more and more observed by all parties.

An Age of Dyspepsia.

By the Rev. Dr. G. R. Van De Water.

SO far as I know Wall Street is no more wicked than any other street and dealing in stocks no worse than dealing in hides.

Our country owes more to Wall Street and stock exchanges than is realized or appreciated. Business is a good thing and work a divine order. A man who does not work is a leech on society. The man who never rests wastes, and waste is sin. There is no real business in rushing, but real business is the exercising of common sense.

We are in danger of a great commercial decline, because men as a whole are too much interested in the selfish motive to get wealthy, and in consequence the great National questions are not getting the unbiased, unselfish, heartfelt consideration which they should have at large in the hearts of the Nation's men.

There are thousands of men who do not take time to eat properly. The sidewalks are filled with a rushing, hurrying, bustling crowd of men, women and children who are rushing through life. There are more things going on in a week than can properly be done in a month. This disposition is stamping out family life and instincts. It is entering the church and shortening the sermons. The State is affected by it. The dominant spirit is to get wealthy, and this is tending to make our halls of government more like marts of commerce. Are not United States Senators optioned in some cases to the highest bidder? A poor man cannot go to the United States Senate. The first consideration is always, "Can I afford to go?"

The business spirit is crushing out the sweeter elements. Home should receive first attention; yet how many children are greater strangers to their fathers, and often mothers, than to the servants? How many men are there who really take time to indulge in the luxury of doing nothing? As a result we have an age of dyspepsia, morose dispositions, sleepless nights and selfish humanity. I am glad to see that the remedy is beginning to be applied, and that men are beginning to realize that their bodies need rest and recreation; to see that they have immortal souls; that truth is truth in business as well as anywhere.

Animals and Intoxication.

By Ellen Veilvin, F. Z. S.

ITHOUGH it has often been said, when speaking of drunkenness, that even the beasts of the field do not get drunk, it is, nevertheless, a fact that a great many animals do get intoxicated. Take the elephant, for instance. He is particularly fond of the fruit of the Uguana tree, and although he appears to have some idea that it is not good for him, he will go on eating, when he has once begun, until he is wildly excited, and so intoxicated that he will stagger from side to side. Every now and then he will pull himself up, shake his huge head, and tear madly through the forest trumpeting at the top of his voice, and terrifying every living creature. It is said that he will even dare and defy his most dreaded enemy, the tiger, when in this condition, but we have no means of verifying this. It is well known, however, that an elephant is in a most dangerous condition when suffering from the effects of eating this beautiful fruit, and all who can take care to keep out of his way as much as possible.

The sloth bear is another animal given to this falling. The natives of India are in the habit of hanging little vessels on the palm trees for catching the juice. This juice is so attractive to the sloth bear that, although such a poor climber, he will scramble up, and go on drinking the juice until he is so drunk that he can only slip helplessly to the ground, and lie there in a drunken stupor until the effects have passed off.

But the sloth bear is not the only animal who is so partial to this juice of the palm tree. The curious fruit, or fox, bats (family Pteropodidae), are particularly fond of it. This peculiar little combination of beast and bird, with its fox-like face, reddish furry body, and black, uncanny-looking wings, the delicate membrane of which is always quivering down to the very tips, will fly to these vessels in company with some hundreds of his companions, and they will suck the juice until the ground below the tree will be dark with the bodies of these bats, who will lie there too helplessly intoxicated to move or defend themselves, no matter what may turn up.

The biggest drunkard of all is, perhaps, the palm civet. So addicted is this animal to the drinking habit that he has been termed the toddy cat. And a more helpless, foolish-looking creature than he is when he is thoroughly intoxicated with the palm juice it would be difficult to find. There are many other animals given to this falling, but all those I have spoken of live in India, and it may be that the heat which induces extreme thirst—a frequent excuse among men—is the direct cause of it.—Collier's Weekly.

Mirth, Not Misery, Loves Company.
I have always doubted the proposition that "misery loves company," and have believed that such a statement was first put forth by some arch-hypocrite whose misery was but a pretense, and who was seeking some other sham sufferer into a quiet corner where they could both be jovial on the sly.

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"Tis mirth, then, and not misery which plies for company. Fun cannot thrive alone, and flourishes only among congenial spirits. Our laughter must be shared, our smiles responded to, and every glance of merriment needs recognition to make it worth the while.—Caroline Ticknor, in The Atlantic.

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Even Fruit Stones Might Be Put to Use—To Utilize Smoke.

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"Darling!"

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The happy face turned once more to him, and the bright eyes in which the tender love-light was beaming looked fondly into his as she said, in a voice full of tenderness and pathos:

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What had awakened him was a phonographic clock, an ingenious arrangement devised by his host, which was so set that the same spring which started the alarm started, a moment later, a phonographic attachment. The maker of the phonographic clock said he thought of patenting it. "You see," he said, "the phonograph, speaking to you after the alarm wakes you, can be made to say different things—can be made, for instance, if you have an important engagement, to tell you of it—can be made to state emphatically to you, don't you know, the reason why you should arise. Usually my phonograph says to me: 'Get up. It's 7 o'clock. Get up, or the boss will dock you for being late.'"—Philadelphia Record.

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One of the most energetic and promising young parliamentarians of England, is Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, and Conservative member for Oldham. Mr. Churchill, who must not be confounded, as he often is, with Winston Churchill, the American novelist, is only 28, but he has had a most adventurous career, which he seems now to have cut short to settle down at home and devote himself to politics. He has recently, on the strength of his two or three years' experience as a subaltern in a Hussar regiment been criticising the army policy of War Secretary Broderick. Mr. Churchill resembles his famous father in many ways, not the least in his nervous, excitable and restless energy of mind. His father was dark; the son has reddish hair and a pallid face. He has less dash and go than his sire, but this is perhaps due to inexperience in political warfare. He has had plenty of experience, however, in real warfare. He entered the army from Sandhurst, in 1895, and served with the Spanish forces in Cuba in that year. After serving in various small wars in India and the Sudan he acted as correspondent of The Morning Post during the Boer war. He was captured by the enemy, imprisoned at Pretoria, but managed to escape, and after many exciting adventures reached Delagoa bay.

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A little lie generally travels faster than a great truth.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES produce the brightest and fastest colors.

The unexpected seldom happens to the people who are always looking for it.

Mao's Cures is the best medicine ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburton, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

A woman doesn't have to be a conjurer to change her mind.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder to shake into your shoes; restores the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Itching Nails. Allen's Foot-Powder makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

An iceboat is now propelled by an electric motor driven fan.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1898.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cures taken internally, and act directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

We sell the Chinese about \$5,000,000 a year more than we buy from them.

Look for this trade mark: "The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind." The stoves without smoke, ashes or heat. Make comfortable cooking.

Jerr Krupp's income, the largest ever known in Germany, was \$4,700,000 a year.

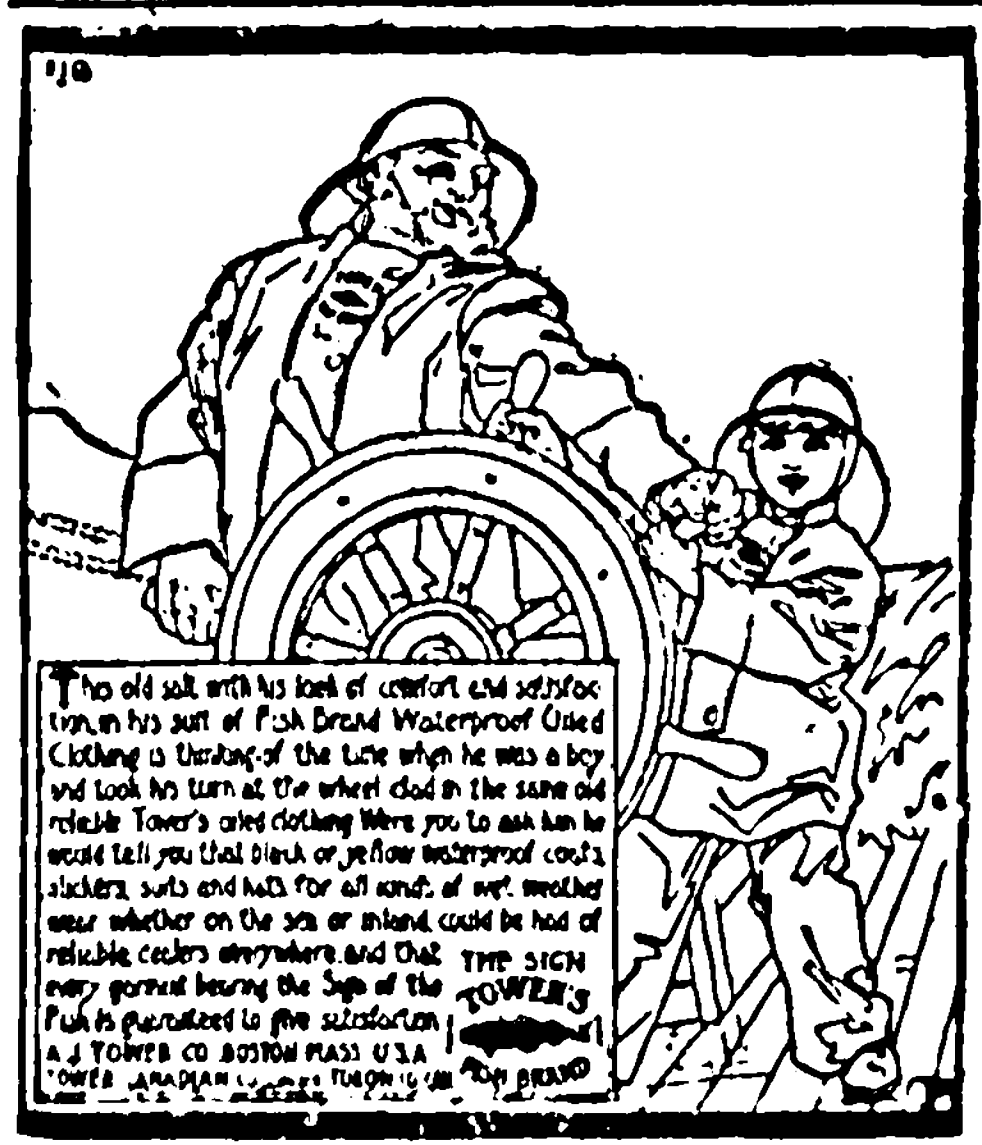
Poorly?

"For two years I suffered terribly from dyspepsia, with great depression, and was always feeling poorly. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in one week I was a new man."—John McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't forget that it's "Ayer's" Sarsaparilla that will make you strong and hopeful. Don't waste your time and money by trying some other kind. Use the old, tested, tried, and true Ayer's Sarsaparilla. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

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CANDY CATHARTIC

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P. N. U. 17, '03.

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Just the same as ever

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Rheumatism and Neuralgia

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Art of Stump Speaking.

By Lieutenant-Governor Curtis Gould, Jr.

THE part that the public speaker plays in our National life is familiar enough, but the manner and method of it have changed in late years almost as much as the methods of the stage. The old-fashioned stump speaker would carry little weight to-day, though in that select class that still regards politics as "low" a political speaker is still supposed to deal largely in personalities varied with comic stories more or less reflecting upon the methods and morals of the opposite party.

It is a hopeful sign of the future that though abuse of men in public life unhappily still exists, it is no longer effective. The speaker who fails to recognize the honest intentions of honest men who disagree with him carries no conviction. Neither are audiences who assemble at political meetings satisfied with smooth generalities phrased in graceful language or even with the sarcasm, wit and buffoonery which may and does provoke their amusement and applause.

The speaker who wishes to attract votes to his party to-day must have something more than a pleasing personality and a smooth tongue. He must state specific facts and present specific evidence in support of his argument. Mingling with a crowd in North Dakota during the speech of a noted orator on a certain National issue, I heard his general statement as to the attitudes of the respective parties in Congress received with utter incredulity and disbelief. A few weeks afterward I heard a Massachusetts Congressman present the same issue in Massachusetts. He did not indulge in eloquent generalities. He produced a copy of the Congressional Record, read the essential part of the bill in question, read the vote and invited the audience to examine the official record. That speech counted.

The man with convictions who talks to his audience and tells them what he knows and believes, has taken the place of the gentleman who left his audience amused, but not instructed. The preparation of a political speech that is to be effective involves much hard study and investigation. Even then it is likely to fail utterly in its purpose if, in the excitement of delivery, the speaker overstates his case or forgets the rules of courtesy, which happily, for our political future, are now more and more observed by all parties.

An Age of Dyspepsia.

By the Rev. Dr. G. R. Van De Water.

SO far as I know Wall Street is no more wicked than any other street and dealing in stocks no worse than dealing in hides.

Our country owes more to Wall Street and stock exchanges than is realized or appreciated. Business is a good thing and work a divine order. A man who does not work is a leech on society. The man who never rests wastes, and waste is sin. There is no real business in rushing, but real business is the exercising of common sense.

We are in danger of a great commercial decline, because men as a whole are too much interested in the selfish motive to get wealthy, and in consequence the great National questions are not getting the unbiased, unselfish, heartfelt consideration which they should have at large in the hearts of the Nation's men.

There are thousands of men who do not take time to eat properly. The sidewalks are filled with a rushing, hurrying, bustling crowd of men, women and children who are rushing through life. There are more things going on in a week than can properly be done in a month. This disposition is stamping out family life and instincts. It is entering the church and shortening the sermons. The State is affected by it. The dominant spirit is to get wealthy, and this is tending to make our halls of government more like marts of commerce. Are not United States Senators optioned in some cases to the highest bidder? A poor man cannot go to the United States Senate. The first consideration is always, "Can I afford to go?"

The business spirit is crushing out the sweeter elements. Home should receive first attention; yet how many children are greater strangers to their fathers, and often mothers, than to the servants? How many men are there who really take time to indulge in the luxury of doing nothing? As a result we have an age of dyspepsia, morose dispositions, sleepless nights and selfish humanity. I am glad to see that the remedy is beginning to be applied, and that men are beginning to realize that their bodies need rest and recreation; to see that they have immortal souls; that truth is truth in business as well as anywhere.

Animals and Intoxication.

By Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S.

ALTHOUGH it has often been said, when speaking of drunkenness, that even the beasts of the field do not get drunk, it is, nevertheless, a fact that a great many animals do get intoxicated. Take the elephant, for instance. He is particularly fond of the fruit of the Ungaru tree, and although he appears to have some idea that it is not good for him, he will go on eating, when he has once begun, until he is wildly excited, and so intoxicated that he will stagger from side to side. Every now and then he will pull himself up, shake his huge head, and tear madly through the forest trumpeting at the top of his voice, and terrifying every living creature. It is said that he will even dare and defy his most dreaded enemy, the tiger, when in this condition, but we have no means of verifying this. It is well known, however, that an elephant is in a most dangerous condition when suffering from the effects of eating this beautiful fruit, and all who can take care to keep out of his way as much as possible.

The sloth bear is another animal given to this falling. The natives of India are in the habit of hanging little vessels on the palm trees for catching the juice. This juice is so attractive to the sloth bear that, although such a poor climber, he will scramble up, and go on drinking the juice until he is so drunk that he can only slip helplessly to the ground, and lie there in a drunken stupor until the effects have passed off.

But the sloth bear is not the only animal who is so partial to this juice of the palm tree. The curious fruit, or fox, bats (family Pteropodidae), are particularly fond of it. This peculiar little combination of beast and bird, with its fox-like face, reddish furry body, and black, uncanny-looking wings, the delicate membrane of which is always quivering down to the very tips, will fly to these vessels in company with some hundreds of his companions, and they will suck the juice until the ground below the tree will be dark with the bodies of these bats, who will lie there too helplessly intoxicated to move or defend themselves, no matter what may turn up.

The biggest drunkard of all is, perhaps, the palm civet. So addicted is this animal to the drinking habit that he has been termed the toddy cat. And a more helpless, foolish-looking creature than he is when he is thoroughly intoxicated with the palm juice it would be difficult to find. There are many other animals given to this falling, but all those I have spoken of live in India, and it may be that the heat which induces extreme thirst—a frequent excuse among men—is the direct cause of it.—Collier's Weekly.

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"For two years I suffered terribly from dyspepsia, with great depression, and was always feeling poorly. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in one week I was a new man."—John McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't forget that it's "Ayer's" Sarsaparilla that will make you strong and hopeful. Don't waste your time and money by trying some other kind. Use the old, tested, tried, and true Ayer's Sarsaparilla. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.



Ascarol's CANDY CATHARTIC

See the bottle at the bottom of the page. Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. E. M. GREEN & SONS, Box 9, Atlanta, Ga.

P. N. U. 17, '03.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

Just the same as ever
St. Jacobs Oil
continues to be the sure cure of
Rheumatism and Neuralgia
Price, 25c. and 50c.



New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

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Ready-made Clothing

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When you need Wall Paper go to H. C. GILBERT, opposite Eagle Hotel, Gettysburg, Pa., where you can get it from 2c up.

REMOVED.

G. H. BROWN, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, has removed his establishment from the Swartz building to the Hartman building, Phila. Street, where will at all times be found a full line of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Repairing promptly and neatly done. Prices Reasonable.

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and unless exceptions be filed thereto within 30 days said report will be confirmed absolutely.

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For Best of Accommodation Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt Street, midway Between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

F. L. FLESHMAN, - PROPRIETOR.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choicest wines, liquors and cigars. House refurnished throughout.—All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best the market affords. Ample stabling.

EAGLE HOTEL,

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Views on Ambition and Dyspepsia.

"Dyspepsia," wrote Eugene Field, "often incapacitates a man for endeavor and sometimes extinguishes the fire of ambition." Though great despite his complaint Field suffered from indigestion all his life. A weak, tired stomach can't digest your food. It needs rest. You can only rest it by the use of a preparation like Kodol, which relieves it of work by digesting your food. Rest soon restores it to its normal tone.

Strengthening, Satisfying, Invigorating.

Prepared only by E. C. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO, ILL. 24 bottles contain 2 1/2 times the dose.

For sale at Wehler's drug store.

NA-TU-RA.

FROM THE HEART OF NATURE'S LABORATORY.

Makes Rich Blood, Increases the Appetite, a Wonderful Nerve Tonic.

MANY PEOPLE work hard during all seasons of the year without due thought or consideration of their physical well being. Those who lead an active life in the open air are less susceptible to diseases than those whose vocations compel close mental application with insufficient physical exercise. All classes are apt to err in their best efforts to maintain a sound body and mind for the reason that they fail to realize that the fundamental principle of sound health is good, pure blood and plenty of it. When the organs of digestion are doing their work properly, and the liver and kidneys functioning in a normal manner, good health is practically assured, but when from any cause the bowels become constipated, the liver torpid and the kidneys inactive, the blood soon becomes loaded with impurities, due to tissue change, which have not been eliminated and the result is in many cases the development of organic disease of some of the vital organs. The ONE MEDICINE which will be found an ideal remedy to correct these conditions is

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Is a pure vegetable product, being free from all mineral matter, containing no narcotics or harmful drugs and has a specific action upon the liver, kidneys and bladder, as well as upon all organs of digestion. It will cleanse your blood of all organic impurities, increase your appetite, tone up your system to the normal unit of vitality and prevent the development of many intercurrent diseases that are so apt to follow whenever there is a derangement of the liver, kidneys and bladder, or organs of digestion. For a general systemic tonic and blood purifier NA-TU-RA has no equal. It has cured thousands who have suffered from chronic diseases, and one bottle will satisfy the most skeptical that the merits of NA-TU-RA are all that is claimed for it.

PREPARED BY

Dr. Hemminger Medicine Co.,

Carlisle, Pa.

NEW OXFORD

Bargain Grocery Store.

BANANAS. STAWBERRIES.

...PINEAPPLES...

The time has again arrived when these fruits can be purchased cheap, if you get to the right place. They can be had at our store at almost any time. Come see us for bargains.

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JOE PRINTING of every description executed at the ITEM office. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Wall Paper 2c up at HARRY C. GILBERT'S, opposite Eagle Hotel, Gettysburg.

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Late Pres. Judge.

WM. & WM. ARCH MCLEAN,

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Office removed to Campbell building, Held, name street, a few doors above the Court House on opposite side of street.



Jim Dumps gazed out on sidewalks hot
And looked in vain for one cool spot;
And vowed he ne'er again would eat
A lunch of heat-producing meat.
Once more has "Force" restored his vim,
Although 'tis hot, he's "Sunny Jim."

Force

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

makes comfort possible
on a sweltering day.

Helps Him to Keep Cool.
"Force" is a blessing to hot humanity. I find since eating it—and I want it every morning—that I am able to go through a hot day with much more comfort than when I used to eat heavy meat breakfasts. It has taught me how to live.
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Bargain Grocery Store.

BANANAS. STAWBERRIES.

...PINEAPPLES...

The time has again arrived when these fruits can be purchased cheap, if you get to the right place. They can be had at our store at almost any time. Come see us for bargains.

E. E. FREED.

CARLISLE STREET,

NEW OXFORD, PA.



Jim Dumps gazed out on sidewalks hot
And looked in vain for one cool spot;
And vowed he ne'er again would eat
A lunch of heat-producing meat.
Once more has "Force" restored his vim,
Although 'tis hot, he's "Sunny Jim."

Force

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

makes comfort possible
on a sweltering day.

Helps Him to Keep Cool.
"Force" is a blessing to hot humanity. I find since eating it—and I want it every morning—that I am able to go through a hot day with much more comfort than when I used to eat hearty meat breakfasts. It has taught me how to live.
"R. B. CLATBERGER."

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Late Pres. Judge.

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Office removed to Campbell building, 2nd floor, a few doors above the Court House on opposite side of street.

New Oxford Item.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 22, 1903.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Born—May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Rabine, Philadelphia street, a son.

A good cow died for Mr. Ammon Chronister, of Reading township.

Gettysburg postmaster's salary has again been raised—from \$2200 to \$2300.

The love of money may be the root of all evil, but base ball brings out the root-er.

Gettysburg Classis of the Reformed Church will meet at Spring Grove May 22d.

The Hanover Cordage Co. has been granted a charter of incorporation; capital \$100,000.

The fall session of the Adams County Lutheran Conference will be held at York Springs.

Mrs. Mariah Barnitz has had her dwellings on Hanover street, near Center Square, handsomely repainted.

The Grand Commandery, Knights of Malta in session at Allentown, has voted to meet at Gettysburg next year.

FOR SALE.—A Young Shepherd Dog. Inquire of A. C. Diehl, New Oxford, Pa.

Wonder whether Gov. Pennypacker didn't suffer just a little "mental anguish" when he penned his excuses for signing the libel bill?

Lewis Oberlander, of East Berlin, sold his home and blacksmith shop to Mr. Spahr, of Bermudian, for \$1200, and will move to York.

J. N. Hake, of near Littlestown, who was injured by a falling pole at McSherrystown, several weeks ago, continues to improve.

Some of the farmers say there will not be much of a strawberry crop, as the frost on the first of May froze many of the vines.

WANTED.—A girl to do general housework. Good wages to suitable party. Address: P. O. Box 81, New Oxford.

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The third compels the painting of poles under penalty of \$5 fine for each pole unpainted, and places a fine of \$1 on all persons defacing or using the poles for advertising purposes. The hitching of horses thereto is also forbidden.

Death's Doings.

Mrs. Elizabeth Myers, died at the home of her son-in-law, John McGlaughlin in Fairfield, on Wednesday, aged 84 years, 11 months and 9 days. Mrs. Myers is survived by three sons, Daniel, of Hampton; Martin S., of Fairfield, and John S., of Hanover; and four daughters Mrs. John McGlaughlin, and Mrs. William Fowler, of Fairfield; Mrs. Hoke of Abbotstown, Mrs. Phoebe Eckert, of near Gettysburg. She is also survived by one brother, Henry Stock, of this place, and two sisters, Mrs. Melvina Ditzler, of this place, and Mrs. Mary Yoho, of Hanover.

Harry M. Wilson, of the firm of W. D. Wilson & Bros., of Hagerstown, died Wednesday at the home of his mother in Emmitsburg. He was 84 years old, his death occurring on the anniversary of his birth. Mr. Wilson had been suffering from a pulmonary affection for some years.

The funeral took place Friday morning at Emmitsburg at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wilson leaves in addition to his mother, these brothers and sisters: Charles T. and Lawrence M., Altoona; Walter D., Hagerstown; Mrs. D. F. Steffy, this place; Mrs. Amie Spalding, Mrs. Sophia Horner, Mrs. Maggie J. Mitchel, all of Emmitsburg.

Jesse Anderson, son of Solomon and Ada Weaver, of near Bernudian, was buried at Mummer's meeting house on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. C. L. Baker officiating. The child was between two and three years old and died from dropsy of the heart and brain fever. Only a short time ago a six-weeks-old infant of the same family died.

Henry Zeigler, oldest brother of C. W. and Wallace Zeigler, of Gettysburg, died suddenly on Wednesday at his home in Canton, Ohio. Mr. Zeigler was born in Gettysburg but left years ago for Canton, where he engaged in the livery business and built up a flourishing trade.

Clarence I., son of J. J. and Emma Reynolds, died at the home of his parents in Harrisburg on last Thursday after six months illness from consumption aged about 15 years. Deceased was a grandson of Albert Crist, of near Bowlder.

Miss Catharine Carbaugh, an aged maiden lady died very suddenly while seated in her chair at her home near Mt. Rock, Mountpleasant township, Saturday morning, May 16, aged 81 years. Her funeral took place at 9 o'clock Monday morning, interment being made in the Conewago cemetery after a Mass of Requiem in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Rev. Father Haltermeyer, officiating.

Mrs. Catharine Rife, of Littlestown, died Sunday night at 11:30 o'clock, of heart failure, aged about 70 years. She had been confined to bed for about a week with a slight illness. At the time stated she felt worse and coming down stairs, called to the people living in the other side of the house to call the doctor. She then sat down and expired in the chair. Deceased was a Miss Keagy and was married to Frederick Rife, who died 30 years ago. She is survived by two sons, George, of Hanover, and William, of Midway.

Hymenial.

Jacob H. Sell, Jr., son of Jacob H. Sell, of Hanover, and Miss Minnie M. Mehrling, daughter of Augustus Mehrling and wife, of Littlestown, were married on Thursday at noon by Dr. R. E. Butz, at his home in York.

Irvin L. Taylor, a clerk in the Gettysburg National Bank, was married in Trinity Lutheran church, Arendtsville, on Thursday evening, to Miss Margaret May, daughter of A. C. Criswell, of that place, the ceremony being performed by Rev. D. T. Koser.

Killed by Millet Chaff.

Emmert Simpson, of near Round Hill, on Tuesday evening threw a couple of quarts of millet chaff into his hog pen in which were six hogs weighing about 100 pounds apiece. When he came out to feed them Wednesday morning he found five of them dead and the sixth one almost gone. The supposition is that the dust from the chaff poisoned their lungs. Mr. Simpson valued the animals at \$50.

Sabbath School Convention.

The Sabbath school convention at Biglerville will hold its first session at 2 o'clock on Thursday, May 21st, and close on Friday night, May 22d. Among those who will take part are Hugh Cork, General Secretary of the State Association, Israel P. Black, of Philadelphia; Revs. S. Ritchie Smith and Wm. McNally, of Harrisburg; Miss Eva Cordelia Stock, Revs. Seth Russell Downie, D. T. Koser, S. T. Diehl, S. L. Rice, V. T. Rue, A. R. Stock, and Messrs. Charles Leonard, J. B. Baker, J. M. H. Hetrick, W. J. Good and Geo. W. Barndorff.

Firebugs Apply Match.

The Central Hotel stable in the rear of Baltimore street, Gettysburg, was entirely gutted by fire on Sunday night. The bus and carriages were saved but a sleigh in the loft and all the hay and grain were lost. The damage is estimated at about \$575, with insurance of \$200 on the building and contents. About half-past ten o'clock, there was an alarm of fire. The Engine Company promptly responded and the flames were located in a pile of manure alongside the stable of James Weaver, in the alley behind the Central Hotel on Baltimore street. The fire had scorched the side of the stable but was speedily extinguished, and the town returned to its usual rest. The outbreak was supposed at the time to be the result of carelessness, the popular theory being that some one had thoughtlessly thrown a cigar stump or a match on the manure pile. Later developments, however, changed this view of the affair to a belief that the fire was of incendiary origin. The doors of the Central Hotel stable having been broken open, in order to save the horses therein, when that structure was threatened by the fire adjoining, Capt. Long ordered that a watch be kept upon it for the remainder of the night. This was done but in spite of the guard, the Central Hotel stable was itself fired about half-past one o'clock. This outbreak was unquestionably due to the match of a fire-bug. The stable was ignited in the rear while the guard was on duty in the front and from the rapidity with which the flames gained headway it is evident that kerosene was employed in starting it. There were six horses in the stable. These were speedily released and turned loose.

Several other buildings, including the coping on St. Francis Xavier's church had caught fire from the burning building but were saved by the good work of the firemen.

Gettysburg Classis.

The annual meeting of the Gettysburg Classis of the Reformed church will be held in Zion's Reformed church at Spring Grove from Friday evening to Monday afternoon. The opening sermon will be preached by the President of the Classis, Rev. J. Marion Mickle, of Cashtown. After the sermon officers will be elected for the ensuing year. On Saturday morning and afternoon, business sessions will be held. Saturday evening will be devoted to the interests of Missions and Education. Rev. S. P. Mauger, of this place, will speak on "Our Educational Institutions."

Quarterly Conference.

The Gettysburg and New Oxford Methodist Episcopal churches will hold their first Quarterly conference of the conference year in New Oxford this Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. The pastor, Epworth League president, Sunday School Superintendent, Class Leaders, Stewards and Junior League superintendents will make reports of the work. Rev. Geo. W. Stoyens, the newly elected Presiding Elder will be present and preach at 7:30 p. m.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman.
Choice Wheat.....\$ 72
No. 2..... 68
Haked "..... 50
Rye..... 45 @ 50
Corn..... 40 @ 45
Oats..... 25 @ 35
Clover seed, per lb..... 8 @ 10
Timothy seed..... 1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw..... 7 00 @ 10 00
Timothy hay..... 11 00 @ 15 00

SHYLOCK

Shylock was the man who wanted a pound of human flesh. There are many Shylocks now, the convalescent, the consumptive, the sickly child, the pale young woman, all want human flesh and they can get it—take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion is flesh and blood, bone and muscle. It feeds the nerves, strengthens the digestive organs and they feed the whole body.

For nearly thirty years Scott's Emulsion has been the great giver of human flesh.

We will send you a couple of ounces free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York
and \$1.00, all druggists.

New Oxford Item.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 22, 1903.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Born—May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Rabine, Philadelphia street, a son.

A good cow died for Mr Ammon Chronister, of Reading township.

Gettysburg postmaster's salary has again been raised—from \$2200 to \$2300.

The love of money may be the root of all evil, but base ball brings out the root-er.

Gettysburg Classis of the Reformed Church will meet at Spring Grove May 22d.

The Hanover Cordage Co. has been granted a charter of incorporation; capital \$100,000.

The fall session of the Adams County Lutheran Conference will be held at York Springs.

Mrs. Mariah Barnitz has had her dwellings on Hanover street, near Center Square, handsomely repainted.

The Grand Commandery, Knights of Malta in session at Allentown, has voted to meet at Gettysburg next year.

FOR SALE.—A Young Shepherd Dog. Inquire of A. C. Diehl, New Oxford, Pa.

Wonder whether Gov. Pennypacker didn't suffer just a little "mental anguish" when he penned his excuses for signing the libel bill?

Lewis Oberlander, of East Berlin, sold his home and blacksmith shop to Mr. Spahr, of Bermudian, for \$1200, and will move to York.

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The third compels the painting of poles under penalty of \$5 fine for each pole unpainted, and places a fine of \$1 on all persons defacing or using the poles for advertising purposes. The hitching of horses thereto is also forbidden.

Death's Doings.

Mrs. Elizabeth Myers, died at the home of her son-in-law, John McGlaughlin in Fairfield, on Wednesday, aged 84 years, 11 months and 9 days. Mrs. Myers is survived by three sons, Daniel, of Hampton; Martin S., of Fairfield, and John S., of Hanover; and four daughters Mrs. John McGlaughlin, and Mrs. William Fowler, of Fairfield; Mrs. Hoke of Abbottstown, Mrs. Phoebe Eckert, of near Gettysburg. She is also survived by one brother, Henry Stock, of this place, and two sisters, Mrs. Melvina Ditzler, of this place, and Mrs. Mary Yohe, of Hanover.

Harry M. Wilson, of the firm of W. D. Wilson & Bros., of Hagerstown, died Wednesday at the home of his mother in Emmitsburg. He was 34 years old, his death occurring on the anniversary of his birth. Mr. Wilson had been suffering from a pulmonary affection for some years.

The funeral took place Friday morning at Emmitsburg at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wilson leaves in addition to his mother, these brothers and sisters: Charles T. and Lawrence M., Altoona; Walter D., Hagerstown; Mrs. D. F. Steffy, this place; Mrs. Amie Spalding, Mrs. Sophia Horner, Mrs. Maggie J. Mitchell, all of Emmitsburg.

Jesse Anderson, son of Solomon and Ada Weaver, of near Bermudian, was buried at Mummert's meeting house on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. C. L. Baker officiating. The child was between two and three years old and died from dropsy of the heart and brain fever. Only a short time ago a six-weeks-old infant of the same family died.

Henry Zeigler, oldest brother of C. W. and Wallace Zeigler, of Gettysburg, died suddenly on Wednesday at his home in Canton, Ohio. Mr. Ziegler was born in Gettysburg but left years ago for Canton, where he engaged in the livery business and built up a flourishing trade.

Clarence I., son of J. J. and Emma Reynolds, died at the home of his parents in Harrisburg on last Thursday after six months illness from consumption aged about 15 years. Deceased was a grandson of Albert Crist, of near Bowlder.

Miss Catharine Carbaugh, an aged maiden lady died very suddenly while seated in her chair at her home near Mt. Rock, Mountpleasant township, Saturday morning, May 16, aged 81 years. Her funeral took place at 9 o'clock Monday morning, interment being made in the Conewago cemetery after a Mass of Requiem in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Rev. Father Haltermeyer, officiating.

Mrs. Catharine Rife, of Littlestown, died Sunday night at 11:30 o'clock, of heart failure, aged about 70 years. She had been confined to bed for about a week with a slight illness. At the time stated she felt worse and coming down stairs, called to the people living in the other side of the house to call the doctor. She then sat down and expired in the chair. Deceased was a Miss Keagy and was married to Frederick Rife, who died 30 years ago. She is survived by two sons, George, of Hanover, and William, of Midway.

Hymenial.

Jacob H. Sell, Jr., son of Jacob H. Sell, of Hanover, and Miss Minnie M. Mehring, daughter of Augustus Mehring and wife, of Littlestown, were married on Thursday at noon by Dr. R. E. Butz, at his home in York.

Irvin L. Taylor, a clerk in the Gettysburg National Bank, was married in Trinity Lutheran church, Arendtsville, on Thursday evening, to Miss Margaret May, daughter of A. C. Criswell, of that place, the ceremony being performed by Rev. D. T. Koser.

Killed by Millet Chaff.

Emmert Simpson, of near Round Hill, on Tuesday evening threw a couple of quarts of millet chaff into his hog pen in which were six hogs weighing about 100 pounds apiece. When he came out to feed them Wednesday morning he found five of them dead and the sixth one almost gone. The supposition is that the dust from the chaff poisoned their lungs. Mr. Simpson valued the animals at \$50.

Sabbath School Convention.

The Sabbath school convention at Biglerville will hold its first session at 2 o'clock on Thursday, May 21st, and close on Friday night, May 22d. Among those who will take part are Hugh Cork, General Secretary of the State Association, Israel P. Black, of Philadelphia; Revs. S. Ritchie Smith and Wm. McNally, of Harrisburg; Miss Eva Cordelia Stock, Revs. Seth Russell Downie, D. T. Koser, S. T. Diehl, S. L. Nice, V. T. Rue, A. R. Steck, and Messrs. Charles Leonard, J. B. Baker, J. M. H. Hetrick, W. J. Good and Geo. W. Bordenpenn.

Firebugs Apply Match.

The Central Hotel stable in the rear of Baltimore street, Gettysburg, was entirely gutted by fire on Sunday night. The bus and carriages were saved but a sleigh in the loft and all the hay and grain were lost. The damage is estimated at about \$675, with insurance of \$200 on the building and contents. About half-past ten o'clock, there was an alarm of fire. The Engine Company promptly responded and the flames were located in a pile of manure alongside the stable of James Weaver, in the alley behind the Central Hotel on Baltimore street. The fire had scorched the side of the stable but was speedily extinguished, and the town returned to its usual rest. The outbreak was supposed at the time to be the result of carelessness, the popular theory being that some one had thoughtlessly thrown a cigar stump or a match on the manure pile. Later developments, however, changed this view of the affair to a belief that the fire was of incendiary origin. The doors of the Central Hotel stable having been broken open, in order to save the horses therein, when that structure was threatened by the fire adjoining, Capt. Long ordered that a watch be kept upon it for the remainder of the night. This was done but in spite of the guard, the Central Hotel stable was itself fired about half-past one o'clock. This outbreak was unquestionably due to the match of a fire-bug. The stable was ignited in the rear while the guard was on duty in the front and from the rapidity with which the flames gained headway it is evident that kerosene was employed in starting it. There were six horses in the stable. These were speedily released and turned loose.

Several other buildings, including the coping on St. Francis Xavier's church had caught fire from the burning building but were saved by the good work of the firemen.

Gettysburg Classis.

The annual meeting of the Gettysburg Classis of the Reformed church will be held in Zion's Reformed church at Spring Grove from Friday evening to Monday afternoon. The opening sermon will be preached by the President of the Classis, Rev. J. Marion Mickley, of Cashtown. After the sermon officers will be elected for the ensuing year. On Saturday morning and afternoon, business sessions will be held. Saturday evening will be devoted to the interests of Missions and Education. Rev. S. P. Mauger, of this place, will speak on "Our Educational Institutions."

Quarterly Conference.

The Gettysburg and New Oxford Methodist Episcopal churches will hold their first Quarterly conference of the conference year in New Oxford this Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. The pastor, Epworth League president, Sunday School Superintendent, Class Leaders, Stewards and Junior League superintendents will make reports of the work. Rev. Geo. W. Steyens, the newly elected Presiding Elder will be present and preach at 7:30 p. m.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman.
Choice Wheat.....\$ 72
No. 2 "..... 68
Raked "..... 50
Rye..... 45 @ 50
Corn..... 40 @ 46
Oats..... 25 @ 35
Clover seed, per lb..... 8 @ 10
Timothy seed..... 1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw..... 7 00 @ 10 00
Timothy hay..... 11 00 @ 15 00

SHYLOCK

Shylock was the man who wanted a pound of human flesh. There are many Shylocks now, the convalescent, the consumptive, the sickly child, the pale young woman, all want human flesh and they can get it—take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion is flesh and blood, bone and muscle. It feeds the nerves, strengthens the digestive organs and they feed the whole body.

For nearly thirty years Scott's Emulsion has been the great giver of human flesh.

We will send you a couple of ounces free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
and all druggists.

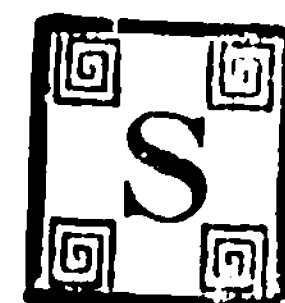
THE FULL HOUR.

When a woman is but a thing
For a man to fondle and
Let her dance and sing—
Her hour is not yet.

When a man is but a staff
For a woman to cling to, dumb,
Let him strut and laugh—
His hour is not come.

—Louise Morgan Sill, in Harper's Weekly.

The Elimination of "Jimmy the Lift."



"AY, Cap!" There was more than a shade of annoyance in the tones of Detective-Sergeant Brannan, and the Captain looked up. "Jimmy, the Lift's back again."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Captain, or something that sounded like that.

"They let him off the Island two days ago," Brannan continued, in explanatory fashion. "I'd forgot his time was about up. I saw him down the Bowery to-day, and he's out for business."

"Well, what did he say?" asked the Captain, who had acquired some of Brannan's annoyance.

"Oh, he claims he's going to reform. Says he's going to get a job and work on the level."

"Yes, he knows that by heart. How many times have we had him in here, do you think?" the Captain asked, with evident curiosity.

"I don't know. He had a record before I came to Headquarters, and I've brought him in regular every holiday and every other chance I got for ten years," Brannan spoke in weary tones.

"And to my remembrance," the Captain took up the narrative, "he's been tried about ten times and cost the county a barrel of money and has been sent up only once."

"That's it. First conviction this time. Been doing business right along, but we can't get him with the goods. Blessed nuisance," Brannan delivered judgment with disgust.

"Well, bring him in first time you see him," said the Captain. "We'll see if we can't think up some game to get rid of him."

That is why "Jimmy the Lift," suddenly ceasing his arduous task of working himself into the midst of a crowd on a Broadway car, looked up to find the well-known features of Detective-Sergeant Brannan set benignly above him. It was a shock to "Jimmy," because just then he was engaged in private business in which he did not wish any of his acquaintances to participate. It is to be suspected that that business had to do with the stout gentleman who had carelessly put a comfortable roll of bills into his waistcoat pocket after paying his fare.

"Why, hello, Sarge!" There was every accent of pleasure in "Jimmy's" voice, although it is to be feared that his eyes expressed something else.

"Nice, bracing weather, isn't it?" "Yes, quite; but if people ain't strong they oughtn't to be out in it," Brannan had a fund of sarcasm when necessary, and "Jimmy" felt that he was being made the target of it.

"Now, that's unkind," he said soothingly. "You know I ain't doing a thing."

"Well, anyway, the Captain wants to see you," retorted Brannan, a remark that gave little room for discussion, and made it sufficiently evident to "Jimmy" that it was intended he should follow when Brannan began edging to the door. He followed, but injustice welled within him, and all the way to the yellowish white building in Mulberry Street he protested his innocence.

"Sorry, old man, but I can't help it," was all that Brannan would say. "The Captain's wanted you bad all day."

"Good Lord! What he does he want me for? I ain't done nothing." But Brannan would only elapse into deeper silence.

There was much for "Jimmy" to think about when he got to the Central Office at last. He knew the place well, for he had been there many times, but he never had been treated in just the fashion that marked his reception in this instance. There was a marked deference among those who had dealings with him such as he had never known to be employed toward a mere pickpocket before. He was kept in the outer room while Brannan saw the Captain. Then the Captain walked out and looked at him in silence and then he was taken out and down into the basement and locked in one of the strongest cells.

"Good Lord, what is it?" he asked in awed tones, as Brannan looked all about the cell to see that it was secure and that there was nothing in it which might be used to aid in escape or anything else.

"You'll find out in the morning," was all that Brannan would say, as he walked out and gave the policeman in charge instructions to keep his eye on that cell.

So "Jimmy" sat on his cot away into the hours of the night, his shifty eyes trying to centre themselves on some place in the cell and his thoughts trying to collect themselves into some harmonious condition. It did not decrease his wonder any when his jailer gave him such a dinner as he had

never before enjoyed in prison and responded only with mysterious silence when he ventured to ask questions. He went to bed at last, but his mind kept working, and there were but few moments when he slept soundly.

It was a haggard "Jimmy," then, who was taken up into the long room in the Central Office next morning to face the detectives assembled there. He had not been able to eat much breakfast, although a sumptuous one was provided. He did not feel any better either—for the mystery was deepening—when he found himself standing with men whom he had considered far above him in his chosen field of life. He grew positively faint when one detective after another, men who had known him for almost a score of years, came up and scrutinized him closely as though they had never seen him before. When he was finally led up to the room to be placed under the hands of the man who keeps the measure of the heads of those who are at odds with the law he was almost too weak to walk.

"Say, you've got mine," he mumbled to Brannan.

"I know," returned Brannan gently, as he placed him in the hands of the measurer, "but that was only as a pick-pocket."

"Jimmy's" brain was working as it had never worked before when the examination was finally over and he was taken down stairs again and led into the Captain's room. This was another honor he had never known before, one accorded only to the men who do momentous things. He was overwhelmed. His sharp eyes tried to dig into the brains of the impassive Brannan and the equally impassive Captain, but they could not. The Captain gave him one long, searching stare, then took up some papers on his desk and looked them over, glancing up now and then at "Jimmy."

"Great Heavens, Captain, what is it?" he faintly cried, when he could stand it no longer.

"Come, now, don't give us any of that. You'd better make a clean breast of it and throw yourself on the mercy of the court," the Captain spoke sternly.

"But I ain't—"

"Shut up!" said the Captain. "We know what you've done."

So "Jimmy" sat, his brain a whirl, while the Captain's eyes seemed to search him through and through. Detectives brought in other men, and he was stood up with them, and a man came in and looked them over and picked him out, saying:

"That's the man!"

He almost fell to the floor. His eyes were starting from his head, every bit of strength in his body seemed to be oozing out when they let him drop into a chair.

"I'm surprised at you, 'Jimmy,'" finally spoke up the Captain, when the others had gone. "I thought you stuck to the pick-pocket game. I wouldn't have looked for you in this Harbison deal if everything wasn't such a cinch against you."

The Harbison case! "Jimmy" gasped. He had read all about it in the morning newspapers the day before—how a sneak thief caught in a house shot down a man, and the whole police force of the city was on the lookout for his slayer.

"Cap, you're kiddin'," he finally gasped, though his tongue seemed double its size and his mouth and throat were parched.

"Not a bit of it. No use trying to skin out of it," said the Captain. "We've got plenty of evidence, and you've been identified by the man who saw it done. Sorry, but I guess you'll have to go to the chair."

"God above, Cap, you know I didn't do it. You know I couldn't do it. It ain't in my line. I never knew how."

"Jimmy" was groveling on the floor, gripping the Captain's knees with his hands. The Captain only looked at him sternly and rang a bell that brought a policeman.

"Take him down to court and ask them to bind him over another day as a suspicious person," the Captain ordered. The policeman lifted him up and half dragged him out through the office. He managed to walk after that as they went out and up the street and took a car leading down the Bowery. The policeman had put on handcuffs that bound the two together, though it was scarcely noticeable to others on the car.

They stood on the rear platform. There were tears in "Jimmy's" eyes as he passed places that he knew. He was just beginning to realize the horror of the whole thing and the possibility that he might, after all, be sent to the electric chair—for he knew the police could do strange things when they had a mind bent that way.

He had just reached the conclusion that he was in a very serious situation when something happened. He felt the handcuff that held him to the policeman give on his wrist. He looked down. The steel band was open. He waited a moment until the policeman looked the other way. Then he gave a quick jerk, was off the car like a flash, and was racing down the Bowery. Before anybody had time to raise a cry he was through a dark doorway that he knew led to freedom.

Somewhere, perhaps, an unhappy man is wandering longing for the Bowery. Maybe detectives in other cities

are puzzling their wits over the work of one of the cleverest pickpockets that ever stole a woman's handbag. But New York knows "Jimmy the Lift" no more and Sergeant Brannan and the Captain smile whenever his name is mentioned.—New York Times.

STORY OF A HERMIT PRINTER.

His Paper Printed in a Barren Place, Miles From Human Habitations.

Captains Spencer and Shaw, the local United States inspectors of steam boilers and hulls, on a recent trip up to the headwaters of the St. John's River unearthed probably one of the most unique newspaper plants in the State of Florida. The plant was discovered in the midst of a wild, barren country. Captains Shaw and Spencer ran upon the hut in which it was located accidentally. It was the only house, such as it was, within a radius of many miles, and naturally the inspectors thought that they would pay a visit to the tenants. When they entered the front part of the house it seemed as if the place was not occupied, but on going back into a rear room, which had been transformed into a print-shop, they came upon an old man of unkempt appearance, who was bending over a printer's case, evidently busy setting type. The old man had long matted hair, that hung down on his neck and partially concealed his face. His clothes were frayed out and worn. The old man was of kindly visage, however, and stopped in his work to give the visitors a welcome. It required only a few questions to get him started telling about his print-shop. He said that he was getting out a magazine.

He said that the publishing of the paper was his life work. He had settled down in the wilds, bought a small printing outfit, second hand, and spent his days alone at the case or at a desk putting his thoughts into shape. The paper is published once a month at the subscription price of fifty cents a year. The lone printer is unmarried and there is no other human being within several miles of his habitation.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

WISE WORDS.

The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.—Napoleon I.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turn them up.—James A. Garfield.

The crowning fortune to a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness.—Emerson.

Never don't do nothin' which isn't your fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin' around in the kanawl, figuratively speakin'.—Artemus Ward.

Never desert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—Sidney Smith.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and pursuit is the quality of attention. I never put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self.—Charles Dickens.

More than talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

I never did anything worth doing by accident. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished.—Thomas A. Edison.

Picking and Choosing.

Dr. John Bascom, ex-President of the University of Wisconsin, was noted at the university for his absentmindedness. Many stories are told of him in this regard. One of them concerns a reception that he once gave to the students of the freshman class. Lemonade was served in the course of the evening, and when the maid—an innocent creature fresh from Ireland—handed the tray to her master he put out his hand to it, and then, forgetting what he was about to do, he let his fingers play aimlessly for several minutes among the glasses, while he talked warmly upon some subject that much interested him.

But the maid misunderstood Dr. Bascom's hesitation. She thought that she would help him out of it.

"I think this is the largest, sir," she said, and she thrust into his hand the glass that contained the greatest quantity of lemonade.—New York Tribune.

Keeping His Promise.

Durwing a severe engagement an Irish private was espied by his captain in the act of beating a hasty retreat. The man had been a favorite with his superior officer, and when the latter approached him on the subject the following day it was in a spirit more of sadness than anger.

"I must confess, Pat," he said, "that your action in the engagement yesterday surprised me."

"An' what's the rayson of that, sor?"

"Reason enough, Pat; you promised me you'd be in the thickest of the fight, and didn't I actually catch you running away?"

"Runnin' away, is it? Dade, captain, but yo desave yourself. It was in remembrance of me promise, sor, that Oi was runnin' around troyn' to find out just where the fight was thickest!"



SILK SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

The silk shirt waist-suit has come to occupy the place of a staple article of wear. It is, in fact, one of the necessities of the summer season. But despite this fact dame fashion decrees minor changes in its make-up every season. The simulated triple skirt is one of the stylish ideas of this spring. In fact, anything that is suggestive of forty years ago is very likely to reappear in these skirts—the hoop skirt always excepted. The triple skirt is often accompanied by a waist with short, broad streamers down the back. These are but the natural development of the position of the past couple of seasons.

A very pretty silk shirt waist suit is of blue foulard with a white figure. The skirt is triple, showing the bottom skirt with a decided flare and a suggestion of a train. The two upper skirts are pointed in front, giving a suggestion of the V now so fashionable.

The full waist has a V-shaped yoke adorned with a lace band and edged with a flounce of self-material. The sleeve is tight half way down the upper arm. Thence down it flairs out, but terminates in a tight cuff, also pointed to carry out the V idea, which is a feature of the entire costume. It is a fact worthy of note, by the way, that this V form is in evidence only in silk, linen and cotton suits, particularly shirt waist suits. The cloth street suits do not show it as yet.—New York Mail and Express.

CARE OF THE FINGER NAILS.

The finger nail as it should be is about one and a half times as long as it is broad, and always shows a crescent at the base.

Highly polished or pointed nails are not indicative of good taste.

They should have a natural gloss and be neatly rounded at the top.

If the nails are rounded off with the file every day they will not need to be cut with the scissors, which is injurious.

In order to keep the crescent at the base well formed the skin should be pushed back from the nail with the towel, or, if necessary, with a blunt orange stick, every time the hands are washed.

The orange stick is excellent also for cleaning the finger nails after they have soaked a few minutes in warm water containing a little lemon juice.

If the nails show a tendency to brittleness a little soaking in warm olive oil after removing them from the lemon water and an application of cold cream at night will prove beneficial.

In polishing the nails with the chamols polisher neither paste nor powder should be used.

Powder makes the nails brittle, and paste gives an undesirably high color.

After using the file to round the finger nails in shape, it is well to use an emery strip to remove any roughness that remains.

Persons upon whom nature has not bestowed taper-shaped fingers sometimes try to attain them by the use of various devices.

Metal cones reaching to the second joint, to be worn at night, are supposed to secure this result, but unless one begins at an early age, when the fingers are soft and amenable to external appliances, it is doubtful if they would produce the desired effect.—New York News.

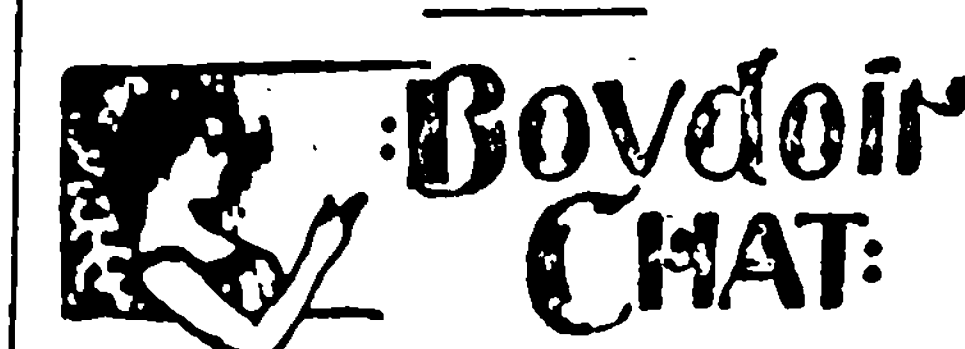
SUPERSTITIONS.

Green in shades of reseda and apple are still so much in vogue in London and Paris that the jewelers are racking their brains to meet the demands of Mine, la Mode and pander to the prevailing craze. Jade is consequently increasingly popular, but already has a decided rival in the greenstone from New Zealand, which is particularly effective when treated in semi-barbaric style, and can be equally well utilized for millinery and clasps. Above and beyond all its other attractions it has the reputation of being a "lucky" stone, and that alone is quite sufficient to insure its popularity with a large number of people.

Opals seem to have outlived the evil reputation which hung about them at one time, and which caused them to be steadily tabooed, in spite of the fact that among the colored gems there are none which can hold a candle to them for beauty, and that their soft milky radiance with its depths of rose color and blue and mauve made them the most becoming of any others. Nowadays, however, the foolish superstition that they brought ill fortune to the wearer seems to have died quite a natural death, and as wedding or bridesmaids' presents they are really more popular than any other. There are three brides about to be married whose

engagement rings are adorned with emeralds, in spite of the old rhyme which warns the intending brides that: "Green's forsaken, yellow's forsworn. But blue's the truest color that's worn."

So that one has every reason to hope that women are beginning to regard fate more as something to be mastered than propitiated. It will take woman a very long time to get entirely rid of the trammels of her pet superstitions, however, and it is a noticeable fact that she no sooner undoes one link in the chain than she forges herself another in a different direction.—New York Commercial Advertiser.



Mrs. Harriet M. Foster has been postmistress of Troy Grove, Ill., for fifty years.

There are now twenty-nine women of title in England who were American girls, including four duchesses and two countesses.

One smart woman has been raising English bulldogs for something over two years, and finds it very profitable if somewhat confining. She supplies several private families with this fine breed of dogs.

Katherine R. Spayd, a girl of sixteen, is the successful manager of a grist mill in Lititz, Pa. She has been in charge more than four months, and has conducted the operations with rare business ability.

The young Duchess of Marlborough has a perfect knowledge of bookkeeping. She keeps a sharp eye on the expenditure at Blenheim, and after breakfast every morning is to be found for two hours checking the accounts of the big estate.

Mrs. H. L. Seales, of Corsicana, recently appointed by Governor Lanham, of Texas, as a member of the Board of Managers of the State Orphans' Home at that place, is the first woman to be placed on a board controlling any of the State's eleemosynary institutions.

A novel way of purchasing a beautiful outfit, consisting of face powder, rouge, eyebrow pencil and lip pomade, has been devised in Berlin, where, by dropping a coin in the slot of an automatic machine a package containing the above mentioned articles drops down.

A study of the new lists of county officers in the far Northwest shows that a number of women are holding office. Washington has twelve school superintendents, while Montana shows twenty-one. Idaho has one auditor and clerk, six treasurers and fifteen school superintendents. Utah follows closely with one clerk, one treasurer and seven recorders.



Drawn work, hemstitching and embroidery distinguishes the latest turn-overs.

Chantilly lace and soutache braid are combined as trimmings for gowns of canvas and similar material.

Very wide sleeves are a feature of the new models in coats, and braids and straps are conspicuous as trimmings.

In the imported novelties, laces showing a blending of blue and ecru, red and ecru and black and white are the leaders in the colored group.

Soutache braid in dark tones and straps of gayly colored linen are used for the adornment of smart new gowns of etamine in subdued shades.

Yak or Cluny is the variety of lace that the oracle decrees shall be used with wool fabrics. The lace will be the same tint as the foundation material.

Van Dyke points figure prominently in all sorts of trimming, lace and passementerie leading. The points are arranged up or down, according to the whim of the designer.

The stock and belt sets for wash shirt waists in contrasting shades of heavy linen are smart and effective. A plain buckle of pearl or the gilt harness type fastens the belt.

Lattice braid is one of the spring novelties and lattice work effects are seen in narrow bands of taffeta and chenille, fargo to match usually accompanying the chenille trimming.

Plain velvet covered buttons are a detail on the spring cloth bodices and sleeves, and the single, double or triple shoulder cape, either stitched or finished with a row and twist of braid in the centre, is an important feature.

Among the handsomest of the new belts is one fashioned from a heavy black silk passementerie. Two pieces of passementerie are utilized for this belt, which tapers to a narrow width in front, and is finished with strings of black teakwood beads with tasseled ends.

The broad collar is the bright star in the sartorial firmament. Exquisite lace of every variety, embroidered linen, batiste, Swiss and lawn are all utilized for the newest creations in accessories of this sort, and the styles of 1830 and the subsequent few decades are revived.

THE FULL HOUR.

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For a man to fondle and
Let her dance and sing—
Her hour is not yet.

When a man is but a staff
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"And to my remembrance," the Captain took up the narrative, "he's been tried about ten times and cost the county a barrel of money and has been sent up only once."

"That's it. First conviction this time. Been doing business right along, but we can't get him with the goods. Blessed nuisance," Brannan delivered judgment with disgust.

"Well, bring him in first time you see him," said the Captain. "We'll see if we can't think up some game to get rid of him."

That is why "Jimmy the Lift," suddenly ceasing his arduous task of working himself into the midst of a crowd on a Broadway car, looked up to find the well-known features of Detective Sergeant Brannan set benignly above him. It was a shock to "Jimmy," because just then he was engaged in private business in which he did not wish any of his acquaintances to participate. It is to be suspected that that business had to do with the stout gentleman who had carelessly put a comfortable roll of bills into his waistcoat pocket after paying his fare.

"Why, hello, Sarge!" There was every accent of pleasure in "Jimmy's" voice, although it is to be feared that his eyes expressed something else.

"Nice, bracing weather, isn't it?" "Yes, quite; but if people ain't strong they oughtn't to be out in it," Brannan had a fund of sarcasm when necessary, and "Jimmy" felt that he was being made the target of it.

"Now, that's unkind," he said soothingly. "You know I ain't doing a thing."

"Well, anyway, the Captain wants to see you," retorted Brannan, a remark that gave little room for discussion, and made it sufficiently evident to "Jimmy" that it was intended he should follow when Brannan began edging to the door. He followed, but injustice welled within him, and all the way to the yellowish white building in Mulberry Street he protested his innocence.

"Sorry, old man, but I can't help it," was all that Brannan would say. "The Captain's wanted you bad all day."

"Good Lord! What he does he want me for? I ain't done nothing." But Brannan would only elapse into deeper silence.

There was much for "Jimmy" to think about when he got to the Central Office at last. He knew the place well, for he had been there many times, but he never had been treated in just the fashion that marked his reception in this instance. There was a marked deference among those who had dealings with him such as he had never known to be employed toward a mere pickpocket before. He was kept in the outer room while Brannan saw the Captain. Then the Captain walked out and looked at him in silence and then he was taken out and down into the basement and locked in one of the strongest cells.

"Good Lord, what is it?" he asked in awed tones, as Brannan looked all about the cell to see that it was secure and that there was nothing in it which might be used to aid in escape or anything else.

"You'll find out in the morning," was all that Brannan would say, as he walked out and gave the policeman in charge instructions to keep his eye on that cell.

So "Jimmy" sat on his cot away into the hours of the night, his shifty eyes trying to centre themselves on some place in the cell and his thoughts trying to collect themselves into some harmonious condition. It did not decrease his wonder any when his jailer gave him such a dinner as he had

never before enjoyed in prison and responded only with mysterious silence when he ventured to ask questions. He went to bed at last, but his mind kept working, and there were but few moments when he slept soundly.

It was a haggard "Jimmy," then, who was taken up into the long room in the Central Office next morning to face the detectives assembled there. He had not been able to eat much breakfast, although a sumptuous one was provided. He did not feel any better either—for the mystery was deepening—when he found himself standing with men whom he had considered far above him in his chosen field of life. He grew positively faint when one detective after another, men who had known him for almost a score of years, came up and scrutinized him closely as though they had never seen him before. When he was finally led up to the room to be placed under the hands of the man who keeps the measure of the heads of those who are at odds with the law he was almost too weak to walk.

"Say, you've got mine," he mumbled to Brannan.

"I know," returned Brannan gently, as he placed him in the hands of the measurer, "but that was only as a pick-pocket."

"Jimmy's" brain was working as it had never worked before when the examination was finally over and he was taken down stairs again and led into the Captain's room. This was another honor he had never known before, one accorded only to the men who do momentous things. He was overwhelmed. His sharp eyes tried to dig into the brains of the impassive Brannan and the equally impassive Captain, but they could not. The Captain gave him one long, searching stare, then took up some papers on his desk and looked them over, glancing up now and then at "Jimmy."

"Great Heavens, Captain, what is it?" he faintly cried, when he could stand it no longer.

"Come, now, don't give us any of that. You'd better make a clean breast of it and throw yourself on the mercy of the court," the Captain spoke sternly.

"But I ain't—"

"Shut up!" said the Captain. "We know what you've done."

So "Jimmy" sat, his brain a whirl, while the Captain's eyes seemed to search him through and through. Detectives brought in other men, and he was stood up with them, and a man came in and looked them over and picked him out, saying:

"That's the man!"

He almost fell to the floor. His eyes were starting from his head, every bit of strength in his body seemed to be oozing out when they let him drop into a chair.

"I'm surprised at you, 'Jimmy,'" finally spoke up the Captain, when the others had gone. "I thought you stuck to the pickpocket game. I wouldn't have looked for you in this Harbison deal if everything wasn't such a cinch against you."

The Harbison case! "Jimmy" gasped. He had read all about it in the morning newspapers the day before—how a sneak thief caught in a house shot down a man, and the whole police force of the city was on the lookout for his slayer.

"Cap, you're kiddin'," he finally gasped, though his tongue seemed double its size and his mouth and throat were parched.

"Not a bit of it. No use trying to skin out of it," said the Captain. "We've got plenty of evidence, and you've been identified by the man who saw it done. Sorry, but I guess you'll have to go to the chair."

"God above, Cap, you know I didn't do it. You know I couldn't do it. It ain't in my line. I never knew how," "Jimmy" was groveling on the floor, gripping the Captain's knees with his hands. The Captain only looked at him sternly and rang a bell that brought a policeman.

"Take him down to court and ask them to bind him over another day as a suspicious person," the Captain ordered. The policeman lifted him up and half dragged him out through the office. He managed to walk after that as they went out and up the street and took a car leading down the Bowery. The policeman had put on handcuffs that bound the two together, though it was scarcely noticeable to others on the car.

They stood on the rear platform. There were tears in "Jimmy's" eyes as he passed places that he knew. He was just beginning to realize the horror of the whole thing and the possibility that he might, after all, be sent to the electric chair—for he knew the police could do strange things when they had a mind bent that way.

He had just reached the conclusion that he was in a very serious situation when something happened. He felt the handcuff that held him to the policeman give on his wrist. He looked down. The steel band was open. He waited a moment until the policeman looked the other way. Then he gave a quick jerk, was off the car like a flash, and was racing down the Bowery. Before anybody had time to raise a cry he was through a dark doorway that he knew led to freedom.

Somewhere, perhaps, an unhappy man is wandering longing for the Bowery. Maybe detectives in other cities

are puzzling their wits over the work of one of the cleverest pickpockets that ever stole a woman's handbag. But New York knows "Jimmy the Lift" no more and Sergeant Brannan and the Captain smile whenever his name is mentioned.—New York Times.

STORY OF A HERMIT PRINTER.

His Paper Printed in a Barron Place, Miles From Human Habitations.

Captains Spencer and Shaw, the local United States inspectors of steam boilers and hulls, on a recent trip up to the headwaters of the St. John's River unearthed probably one of the most unique newspaper plants in the State of Florida. The plant was discovered in the midst of a wild, barren country. Captains Shaw and Spencer ran upon the hut in which it was located accidentally. It was the only house, such as it was, within a radius of many miles, and naturally the inspectors thought that they would pay a visit to the tenants. When they entered the front part of the house it seemed as if the place was not occupied, but on going back into a rear room, which had been transformed into a print-shop, they came upon an old man of unkempt appearance, who was bending over a printer's case, evidently busy setting type. The old man had long matted hair, that hung down on his neck and partially concealed his face. His clothes were frayed out and worn. The old man was of kindly visage, however, and stopped in his work to give the visitors a welcome. It required only a few questions to get him started telling about his print-shop. He said that he was getting out a magazine.

He said that the publishing of the paper was his life work. He had settled down in the wilds, bought a small printing outfit, second hand, and spent his days alone at the case or at a desk putting his thoughts into shape. The paper is published once a month at the subscription price of fifty cents a year. The lone printer is unmarried and there is no other human being within several miles of his habitation.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

WISE WORDS.

The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.—Napoleon I.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turn them up.—James A. Garfield.

The crowning fortune to a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness.—Emerson.

Never don't do nothin' which isn't your fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin' around in the kanawl, figuratively speakin'.—Artemus Ward.

Never desert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—Sidney Smith.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and pursuit is the quality of attention. I never put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self.—Charles Dickens.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

I never did anything worth doing by accident. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished.—Thomas A. Edison.

Picking and Choosing.

Dr. John Bascom, ex-President of the University of Wisconsin, was noted at the university for his absentmindedness. Many stories are told of him in this regard. One of them concerns a reception that he once gave to the students of the freshman class. Lemonade was served in the course of the evening, and when the maid—an innocent creature fresh from Ireland—handed the tray to her master he put out his hand to it, and then, forgetting what he was about to do, he let his fingers play aimlessly for several minutes among the glasses, while he talked warmly upon some subject that much interested him.

But the maid misunderstood Dr. Bascom's hesitation. She thought that she would help him out of it.

"I think this is the largest, sir," she said, and she thrust into his hand the glass that contained the greatest quantity of lemonade.—New York Tribune.

Keeping His Promise.

Durwing a severe engagement an Irish private was espied by his captain in the act of beating a hasty retreat. The man had been a favorite with his superior officer, and when the latter approached him on the subject the following day it was in a spirit more of sadness than anger.

"I must confess, Pat," he said, "that your action in the engagement yesterday surprised me."

"An' what's the rayson of that, sor?"

"Reason enough, Pat; you promised me you'd be in the thickest of the fight, and didn't I actually catch you running away?"

"Runnin' away, is it? Dade, captain, but ye deserve yourself. It was in remembrance of me promise, sor, that Oi was runnin' around trovin' to find out just where the fight was thickest!"



SILK SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

The silk shirt waist-suit has come to occupy the place of a staple article of wear. It is, in fact, one of the necessities of the summer season. But despite this fact dame fashion decrees minor changes in its make-up every season. The simulated triple skirt is one of the stylish ideas of this spring. In fact, anything that is suggestive of forty years ago is very likely to reappear in these skirts—the hoop skirt always excepted. The triple skirt is often accompanied by a waist with short, broad streamers down the back. These are but the natural development of the position of the past couple of seasons.

A very pretty silk shirt waist suit is of blue foulard with a white figure. The skirt is triple, showing the bottom skirt with a decided flare and a suggestion of a train. The two upper skirts are pointed in front, giving a suggestion of the V now so fashionable.

The full waist has a V-shaped yoke adorned with a lace band and edged with a flounce of self-material. The sleeve is tight half way down the upper arm. Thence down it fluffs out, but terminates in a tight cuff, also pointed to carry out the V idea, which is a feature of the entire costume. It is a fact worthy of note, by the way, that this V form is in evidence only in silk, linen and cotton suits, particularly shirt waist suits. The cloth street suits do not show it as yet.—New York Mail and Express.

CARE OF THE FINGER NAILS.

The finger nail as it should be is about one and a half times as long as it is broad, and always shows a crescent at the base.

Highly polished or pointed nails are not indicative of good taste.

They should have a natural gloss and be neatly rounded at the top.

If the nails are rounded off with the file every day they will not need to be cut with the scissors, which is injurious.

In order to keep the crescent at the base well formed the skin should be pushed back from the nail with the towel, or, if necessary, with a blunt orange stick, every time the hands are washed.

The orange stick is excellent also for cleaning the finger nails after they have soaked a few minutes in warm water containing a little lemon juice.

If the nails show a tendency to brittleness a little soaking in warm olive oil after removing them from the lemon water and an application of cold cream at night will prove beneficial.

In polishing the nails with the chamols polisher neither paste nor powder should be used.

Powder makes the nails brittle, and paste gives an undesirably high color.

After using the file to round the finger nails in shape, it is well to use an emery strip to remove any roughness that remains.

Persons upon whom nature has not bestowed taper-shaped fingers sometimes try to attain them by the use of various devices.

Metal cones reaching to the second joint, to be worn at night, are supposed to secure this result, but unless one begins at an early age, when the fingers are soft and amenable to external appliances, it is doubtful if they would produce the desired effect.—New York News.

SUPERSTITIONS.

Green in shades of reseda and apple are still so much in vogue in London and Paris that the jewelers are racking their brains to meet the demands of Mine, la Mode and pander to the prevailing craze. Jade is consequently increasingly popular. But already has a decided rival in the greenstone from New Zealand, which is particularly effective when treated in semi-barbaric style, and can be equally well utilized for millinery and clasps. Above and beyond all its other attractions it has the reputation of being a "lucky" stone, and that alone is quite sufficient to insure its popularity with a large number of people.

Opals seem to have outlived the evil reputation which hung about them at one time, and which caused them to be steadily tabooed, in spite of the fact that among the colored gems there are none which can hold a candle to them for beauty, and that their soft milky radiance with its depths of rose color and blue and mauve made them the most becoming of any others. Nowadays, however, the foolish superstition that they brought ill fortune to the wearer seems to have died quite a natural death, and as wedding or bridesmaids' presents they are really more popular than any other. There are three brides about to be married whose

engagement rings are adorned with emeralds, in spite of the old rhyme which warns the intending brides that: "Green's forsaken, yellow's forsworn, But blue's the truest color that's worn."

So that one has every reason to hope that women are beginning to regard fate more as something to be mastered than propitiated. It will take woman a very long time to get entirely rid of the trammels of her pet superstitions, however, and it is a noticeable fact that she no sooner undoes one link in the chain than she forges herself another in a different direction.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Bovdoir CHAT.

Mrs. Harriet M. Foster has been postmistress of Troy Grove, Ill., for fifty years.

There are now twenty-nine women of title in England who were American girls, including four duchesses and two countesses.

One smart woman has been raising English bulldogs for something over two years, and finds it very profitable if somewhat confining. She supplies several private families with this fine breed of dogs.

Katherine R. Spayd, a girl of sixteen, is the successful manager of a grist mill in Lititz, Pa. She has been in charge more than four months, and has conducted the operations with rare business ability.

The young Duchess of Marlborough has a perfect knowledge of bookkeeping. She keeps a sharp eye on the expenditure at Blenheim, and after breakfast every morning is to be found for two hours checking the accounts of the big estate.

Mrs. H. L. Seales, of Corsicana, recently appointed by Governor Lanham, of Texas, as a member of the Board of Managers of the State Orphans' Home at that place, is the first woman to be placed on a board controlling any of the State's eleemosynary institutions.

A novel way of purchasing a beautifying outfit, consisting of face powder, rouge, eyebrow pencil and lip pomade, has been devised in Berlin, where, by dropping a coin in the slot of an automatic machine a package containing the above mentioned articles drops down.

A study of the new lists of county officers in the far Northwest shows that a number of women are holding office. Washington has twelve school superintendents, while Montana shows twenty-one. Idaho has one auditor and clerk, six treasurers and fifteen school superintendents. Utah follows closely with one clerk, one treasurer and seven recorders.



Drawn work, hemstitching and embroidery distinguishes the latest turn-overs.

Chantilly lace and soutache braid are combined as trimmings for gowns of canvas and similar material.

Very wide sleeves are a feature of the new models in coats, and braids and straps are conspicuous as trimmings.

In the imported novelties, laces showing a blending of blue and ecru, red and ecru and black and white are the leaders in the colored group.

Soutache braid in dark tones and straps of gayly colored linen are used for the adornment of smart new gowns of etamine in subdued shades.

Yak or Cluny is the variety of lace that the oracle decrees shall be used with wool fabrics. The lace will be the same tint as the foundation material.

Van Dyke points figure prominently in all sorts of trimming, lace and passementerie lending. The points are arranged up or down, according to the whim of the designer.

The stock and belt sets for wash shirt waists in contrasting shades of heavy linen are smart and effective. A plain buckle of pearl or the gilt harness type fastens the belt.

Lattice braid is one of the spring novelties and lattice work effects are seen in narrow bands of taffeta and chenille, fringe to match usually accompanying the chenille trimming.

Plain velvet covered buttons are a detail on the spring cloth bodices and sleeves, and the single, double or triple shoulder cape, either stitched or finished with a row and twist of braid in the centre, is an important feature.

Among the handsomest of the new belts is one fashioned from a heavy black silk passementerie. Two pieces of passementerie are utilized for this belt, which tapers to a narrow width in front, and is finished with strings of black teakwood beads with tasseled ends.

The broad collar is the bright star in the sartorial armament. Exquisite lace of every variety, embroidered linen, batiste, Swiss and lawn are all utilized for the newest creations in accessories of this sort, and the styles of 1830 and the subsequent few decades are revived.

"POOR DIGESTION LANGUID AND TIRED."

[An Interesting Letter Concerning Pe-ru-na.]



MISS
DELLA
JANVEAU

Miss Della Janveau, Globe Hotel, Ottawa, Ont., is from one of the oldest and best known French Canadian families in Canada. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, she says:

"Last spring my blood seemed clogged up, my digestion poor, my head ached and I felt languid and tired all the time. My physician prescribed for me, but a friend advised me to try Peruna. I tried it and am pleased to state that I found it a wonderful cleanser and purifier of the system. In three weeks I was like a new woman, my appetite had increased, I felt buoyant, light and happy and without an ache or pain. Peruna is a reliable family medicine."

Adia Brittain, of Sekitan, O., writes: "After using your wonderful Peruna three months I have had great relief. I had continual heaviness in my stomach, was bilious, and had fainting spells, but they have all left me since using Peruna."—Adia Brittain.

If you do not derive prompt and satis-

factory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

A Mixed-up Family.

The editor of the Perry (Okla.) Republican has the most intricate family relations. According to his own account he married a widow, who had a daughter. His father married the daughter, thus becoming his stepson, and making his daughter his stepmother. The stepdaughter had a son, who became the editor's brother and "step-grandchild." The editor's wife is his step-grandmother, because she is the mother of his stepmother. He remarks plaintively that he is his wife's husband's grandchild and his own grandfather, because as the husband of a person's grandmother he is naturally that person's grandfather.

Women are fast taking places formerly filled by men at banks in the West.

An Unlucky Year.

Is this to be a generally unlucky year? Superstitious people say it cannot be otherwise, as there are no fewer than three Fridays which fall on the 13th of the month. One of these ill-omened combinations happened last month and another awaits us next week, the third following later on, in November. Last year only once did Friday fall on a 13th, and that was in June, a month whose opening saw the conclusion of the war and whose close brought the stunning blow of the King's illness and the postponement of the coronation. What are the odds, therefore, on the influence that the combination of Fridays and 13 may have on the year of grace 1903?

The sale of postage stamps in Mexico last year amounted to \$2,049,600.



FAULTY BREAD.

From the appearance of the bread we think the whole trouble lies in the imperfect mixing of the ingredients, particularly the yeast and flour. The kind of yeast is not stated. If a dry yeast be used it should first be softened in a little lukewarm milk or water, then stirred into the rest of the liquid to be used in making the bread. Add the salt, sugar and shortening, if these be used, and then stir in the flour. When all the flour has been added knead the dough from ten to twenty minutes to bring out the elasticity of the gluten and to insure the even distribution of all the ingredients.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

HOW TO SPLIT PAPER.

Paper can be split into two or even three parts, however thin the sheets. It may be convenient to know how to do this sometimes, as, for instance, when one wishes to paste in a scrap-book an article printed on both sides of the paper.

Get a piece of plate glass and place it on a sheet of paper. Then let the paper be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little skill the sheet can be split by the top surface being removed.

The best plan, however, is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet to be split. When dry, quickly and without hesitation, pull the two pieces asunder, when one part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to the other. Soften the paste in water and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth.—The Household.

QUITE THE THING.

It is noticeable that nowadays on well appointed tables it is becoming more and more the thing to serve a variety of fruits with a dressing as a salad in place of the more commonplace lettuce, celery, etc. Grape fruit, with malaga grapes seeded, or with green plums and bits of angelica apple and celery on a bed of white lettuce hearts, with creamy dressing, apple and orange in nests of curled celery, with mayonnaise dressing, are among the varieties served by way of a salad course. But the ingenious housewife can easily devise others quite as wholesome and appetizing. There is also a reaching out for novelties to replace salted almonds, which have been eaten so long that people have got rather tired of them. Salted English walnuts, pecans, brazils, green pistachios and hazelnuts are now served, sometimes with almonds mixed in with them, often without.—New York Tribune.



Compote of Oranges—Peel and cut six large oranges into slices, remove the pits, sprinkle three tablespoonsful of granulated sugar over them; let stand one hour, drain off the syrup, put it over the fire; add the juice of half a lemon and boil slowly five minutes; let cool and just before serving pour the syrup over the oranges and send to table in a glass dish.

Tomato Sauce—Put one cupful of tomato and half a cupful of water in an agate pan over the fire; add two cloves, one slice of onion, one bay leaf, half a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; cover the pan and let simmer ten minutes; rub one tablespoonful of corn starch in a little cold water, add it to the tomato, stirring until thickened; cook five minutes longer, strain and serve.

Mincee Veal with Tomato Sauce—Mince one pound of veal; put two tablespoonsful of butter in a frying pan; when hot add the minced veal, one small minced onion and one green pepper minced; when brown add two tablespoonsful of flour; then add one cupful of broth or water; one teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper; let simmer for five minutes and add half a cup of tomato sauce.

Chocolate Fromage—Boil four tablespoonsful of grated chocolate in one cup of water; add half a cup of sugar and one teaspoon of vanilla; have soaking one ounce of gelatine in one cup of cold water one hour; add it to the chocolate and boil a minute; pour into a bowl and when cold mix it with one pint of whipped cream; turn into a form and let stand in a cool place several hours; serve with vanilla sauce.

Plain Milk Soup—Put two quarts of milk over the fire with one teaspoon of sugar and one teaspoon of salt; rub half a cup of sifted flour in cold milk; when smooth stir it into the scalding milk and stir until thickened and boiling; add a dash or two of nutmeg and a little pepper; beat the yolks of two eggs; add a little of the hot soup to them; then return all to the fire and stir one minute; do not let boil; if liked a slice of onion may be cooked in the milk when removed; serve with wafers.



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—Mrs. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.

A medicine that has restored so many women to health and can produce proof of the fact must be regarded with respect. This is the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which cannot be equalled by any other medicine the world has ever produced. Here is another case:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For years I was troubled with falling of the womb, irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains, backache, headache, dizzy and fainting spells, and stomach trouble.

"I doctored for about five years but did not seem to improve. I began the use of your medicine, and have taken seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, three of Blood Purifier, and also used the Sanative Wash and Liver Pills, and am now enjoying good health, and have gained in flesh.

I thank you very much for what you have done for me, and heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering women."—Miss EMMA SNYDER, 218 East Center St., Marion, Ohio.

"FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN."

Women must save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear. It is free, and has put thousands of women on the right road to recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham never violates the confidence thus entrusted to her, and although she publishes thousands of testimonials from women who have been benefited by her advice and medicine, never in all her experience has she published such a letter without the full consent, and often by special request of the writer.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

ALABASTINE IS WHAT?

A natural, rock base composition for walls and ceilings to be used in white or any number of beautiful tints, in powder form, to be mixed with cold water, making a durable, sanitary and cleanly home. Any one can brush it on.

KALSOMINES ARE WHAT?

Unnatural glue and whitening decompositions for walls and ceilings that stick only until the glue by exposure decays, when they rub and scale off, spoiling walls and rendering them unsanitary and the rooms almost uninhabitable.

Alabastine possesses merit while the only merit hot or cold water kalsomines possess is that your dealer can buy them cheap.

There are many reasons why you should not use poisonous wall paper and unsanitary kalsomines. Buy Alabastine in 5 lb. packages only and properly labeled.

Please write us for Suggestions from our Artists in Decorating Your Rooms with ALABASTINE.

ALABASTINE COMPANY

New York Office, 105 Water St.

Office and Factory, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Justin McCarthy's Royalties.

Justin Huntly McCarthy has for two years received royalties for his play, "If I Were King," averaging \$1,000 a week. He has drawn a like weekly amount from the English production of the play. Mr. Southern is himself doing considerable literary work. He is collaborating on a life of the poet Villon with Mr. McCarthy; is writing a biography of his father, the older Southern; is at work on an original play, and is compiling a volume of his own poems.

The government is to begin the construction of irrigation works in five localities. The Sweetwater dam, Wyoming; Milk river, Montana; the Gunnison tunnel, Colorado; Truckee, Nevada, and Salt river, Arizona. The cost of the five plants is estimated at \$7,000,000 and they are expected to furnish water for 600,000 acres.

Health at Home

through Hires Rootbeer—a delightful preparation of roots, herbs, barks and berries. Nature's own prescription. Benefits every member of the family.

Hires Rootbeer

purifies the blood, quenches the thirst and pleases the palate. A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere or by mail, 25c. Beware of imitations. Charles E. Hires Co., Malyra, Pa.

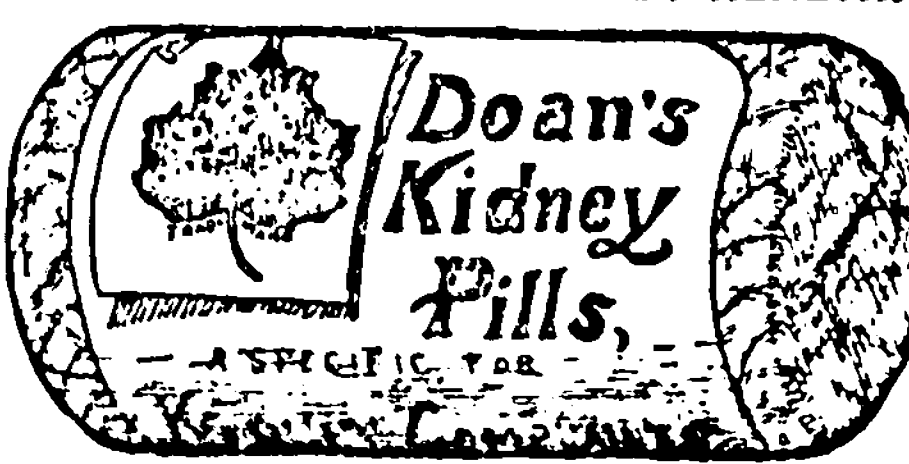
WISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Bromo-Seltzer
Promptly cures all
Headaches

CAMBRIA, WYOMING.—Previous to taking the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills I could scarcely hold my urine. Now I can sleep all night and rarely have to get up, and that aching across my back a little above my hips is gone.—ISAAC W. STEPHENS, Cambria, Wyo.

FREE—TO BETTER KIDNEY HEALTH.



POSTER-MILBURN Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills.

Name.....

Post-office.....

State.....

(Cut out coupon on dotted line and mail to
Posters-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.)

Medical Advice Free—Strictly Confidential.

SALEM, MASS., March 31, 1903.—I received the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills, and with the use of one more box from my druggist I am entirely cured of a very lame back.—W. A. CLEVELAND.

GALESBURG, ILL., March 30, 1903.—The sample of Doan's Kidney Pills came to hand. I also got one 50-cent box from our druggist, and I am thankful to say the pain across the small of my back disappeared like a snow bank in hot sun. Doan's Pills reach the spot.—ELMER WARFEL.

ROSE GLYN, PA., March 29, 1903.—The free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills have been of great benefit to me. Since using them I have no occasion to get up so often at night. My complaint affected the bladder more when catching cold.—JOSEPH LETERAL.

"POOR DIGESTION LANGUID AND TIRED."

[An Interesting Letter Concerning Pe-ru-na.]



Miss Della Janveau, Globe Hotel, Ottawa, Ont., is from one of the oldest and best known French Canadian families in Canada. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, she says:

"Last spring my blood seemed clogged up, my digestion poor, my head ached and I felt languid and tired all the time. My physician prescribed for me, but a friend advised me to try Peruna. I tried it and am pleased to state that I found it a wonderful cleanser and purifier of the system. In three weeks I was like a new woman, my appetite had increased, I felt buoyant, light and happy and without an ache or pain. Peruna is a reliable family medicine."

Adia Brittain, of Sekitan, O., writes: "After using your wonderful Peruna three months I have had great relief. I had continual heaviness in my stomach, was bilious, and had fainting spells, but they have all left me since using Peruna."—Adia Brittain.

factory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

A Mixed-up Family.

The editor of the Perry (Okla.) Republican has the most intricate family relations. According to his own account he married a widow, who had a daughter. His father married the daughter, thus becoming his stepson, and making his daughter his stepmother. The stepdaughter had a son, who became the editor's brother and "step-grandchild." The editor's wife is his step-grandmother, because she is the mother of his stepmother. He remarks plaintively that he is his wife's husband's grandchild and his own grandfather, because as the husband of a person's grandmother he is naturally that person's grandfather.

Women are fast taking places formerly filled by men at banks in the West.

An Unlucky Year.

Is this to be a generally unlucky year? Superstitious people say it cannot be otherwise, as there are no fewer than three Fridays which fall on the 13th of the month. One of these ill-omened combinations happened last month and another awaits us next week, the third following later on, in November. Last year only once did Friday fall on a 13th, and that was in June, a month whose opening saw the conclusion of the war and whose close brought the stunning blow of the King's illness and the postponement of the coronation. What are the odds, therefore, on the influence that the combination of Fridays and 13 may have on the year of grace 1903?

The sale of postage stamps in Mexico last year amounted to \$2,049,000.

FASTEN AGE MARKS.

Sick Kidneys make people look older than they are; hasten the evening days of life; fasten the marks of premature old age. The world over Doan's Kidney Pills is the recognized Kidney Specific.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, excessive pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills dissolve and remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness.

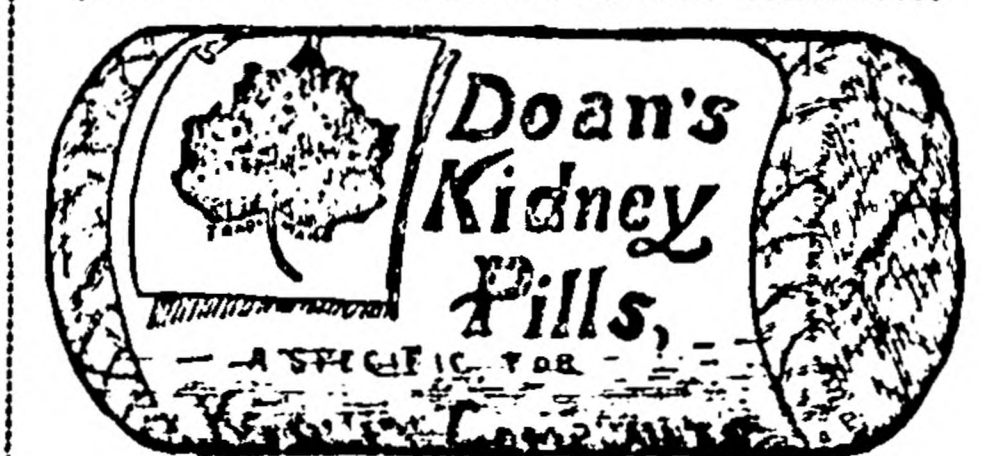
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Name _____
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State _____
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Medical Advice Free—Strictly Confidential.

Bromo-Seltzer

Promptly cures all

Headaches



HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

FAULTY BREAD.

From the appearance of the bread we think the whole trouble lies in the imperfect mixing of the ingredients, particularly the yeast and flour. The kind of yeast is not stated. If a dry yeast be used it should first be softened in a little lukewarm milk or water, then stirred into the rest of the liquid to be used in making the bread. Add the salt, sugar and shortening, if these be used, and then stir in the flour. When all the flour has been added knead the dough from ten to twenty minutes to bring out the elasticity of the gluten and to insure the even distribution of all the ingredients.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

HOW TO SPLIT PAPER.

Paper can be split into two or even three parts, however thin the sheets. It may be convenient to know how to do this sometimes, as, for instance, when one wishes to paste in a scrapbook an article printed on both sides of the paper.

Get a piece of plate glass and place it on a sheet of paper. Then let the paper be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little skill the sheet can be split by the top surface being removed.

The best plan, however, is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet to be split. When dry, quickly and without hesitation, pull the two pieces asunder, when one part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to the other. Soften the paste in water and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth.—The Household.

QUITE THE THING.

It is noticeable that nowadays on well appointed tables it is becoming more and more the thing to serve a variety of fruits with a dressing as a salad in place of the more commonplace lettuce, celery, etc. Grape fruit, with malaga grapes seeded, or with green plums and bits of angelica apple and celery on a bed of white lettuce hearts, with creamy dressing, apple and orange in nests of curled celery, with mayonnaise dressing, are among the varieties served by way of a salad course. But the ingenious housewife can easily devise others quite as wholesome and appetizing. There is also a reaching out for novelties to replace salted almonds, which have been eaten so long that people have got rather tired of them. Salted English walnuts, pecans, brazils, green pistachios and hazelnuts are now served, sometimes with almonds mixed in with them, often without.—New York Tribune.



Compote of Oranges.

Peel and cut six large oranges into slices, remove the pits, sprinkle three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar over them; let stand one hour, drain off the syrup, put it over the fire; add the juice of half a lemon and boil slowly five minutes; let cool and just before serving pour the syrup over the oranges and send to table in a glass dish.

Tomato Sauce.

Put one cupful of tomato and half a cupful of water in an agate pan over the fire; add two cloves, one slice of onion, one bay leaf, half a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; cover the pan and let simmer ten minutes; rub one tablespoonful of corn starch in a little cold water, add it to the tomato, stirring until thickened; cook five minutes longer, strain and serve.

Mincee Veal with Tomato Sauce.

Mince one pound of veal; put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan; when hot add the mincee veal, one small minced onion and one green pepper minced; when brown add two tablespoonfuls of flour; then add one cupful of broth or water; one teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper; let simmer for five minutes and add half a cup of tomato sauce.

Chocolate Fromage.

Boil four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate in one cup of water; add half a cup of sugar and one teaspoon of vanilla; have soaking one ounce of gelatine in one cup of cold water one hour; add it to the chocolate and boil a minute; pour into a bowl and when cold mix it with one pint of whipped cream; turn into a form and let stand in a cool place several hours; serve with vanilla sauce.

Plain Milk Soup.

Put two quarts of milk over the fire with one teaspoon of sugar and one teaspoon of salt; rub half a cup of sifted flour in cold milk; when smooth stir it into the scalding milk, and stir until thickened and boiling; add a dash or two of nutmeg and a little pepper; beat the yolks of two eggs; add a little of the hot soup to them; then return all to the fire and stir one minute; do not let boil; if liked a slice of onion may be cooked in the milk when removed; serve with wafers.



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—Mrs. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.

A medicine that has restored so many women to health and can produce proof of the fact must be regarded with respect. This is the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which cannot be equalled by any other medicine the world has ever produced. Here is another case:—



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For years I was troubled with falling of the womb, irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, backache, headache, dizzy and fainting spells, and stomach trouble.

"I doctored for about five years but did not seem to improve. I began the use of your medicine, and have taken seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, three of Blood Purifier, and also used the Sanative Wash and Liver Pills, and am now enjoying good health, and have gained in flesh. I thank you very much for what you have done for me, and heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering women."—Miss EMMA SNYDER, 218 East Center St., Marion, Ohio.

"FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN."

Women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear. It is free, and has put thousands of women on the right road to recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham never violates the confidence thus entrusted to her, and although she publishes thousands of testimonials from women who have been benefited by her advice and medicine, never in all her experience has she published such a letter without the full consent, and often by special request of the writer.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

ALABASTINE IS WHAT?

A natural, rock base composition for walls and ceilings to be used in white or any number of beautiful tints, in powder form, to be mixed with cold water, making a durable, sanitary and cleanly home. Any one can brush it on.

KALSOMINES ARE WHAT?

Unnatural glue and whitening decompositions for walls and ceilings that stick only until the glue by exposure decays, when they rub and scale off, spoiling walls and rendering them unsanitary and the rooms almost uninhabitable.

Alabastine possesses merit while the only merit hot or cold water kalsomines possess is that your dealer can buy them cheap.

There are many reasons why you should not use poisonous wall paper and unsanitary kalsomines. Buy Alabastine in 5 lb. packages only and properly labeled.

Please write us for Suggestions from our Artists in Decorating Your Rooms with ALABASTINE.

ALABASTINE COMPANY

New York Office, 105 Water St.

Office and Factory, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Justin McCarthy's Royalties.

Justin Huntly McCarthy has for two years received royalties for his play, "If I Were King," averaging \$1,000 a week. He has drawn a like weekly amount from the English production of the play. Mr. Southern is himself doing considerable literary work. He is collaborating on a life of the poet Villon with Mr. McCarthy; is writing a biography of his father, the older Southern; is at work on an original play, and is compiling a volume of his own poems.

The government is to begin the construction of irrigation works in five localities. The Sweetwater dam, Wyoming; Milk river, Montana; the Gunnison tunnel, Colorado; Truckee, Nevada, and Salt river, Arizona. The cost of the five plants is estimated at \$7,000,000 and they are expected to furnish water for 600,000 acres.

Health at Home

through Hires Rootbeer—a delicious preparation of roots, herbs, barks and berries. Nature's own prescription. Benefits every member of the family.

Hires Rootbeer

purifies the blood, quenches the thirst and pleases the palate. A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere or by mail, 50c. Beware of imitations. Charles E. Hires Co., Malvern, Pa.

FISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**Dr. James A. Marshall, Formerly of
Irishtown, a Noted Turfman.**

From Philadelphia North American.

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Car load of Wall Paper from 3c up, at HARRY C. GILBERT'S, Gettysburg, Pa.

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Don't buy your Wall Paper 'till you see my line, HARRY C. GILBERT, Gettysburg, Pa.

Doctor

**Tried but Could Not
Relieve Me**

**Of Headache, Dizziness,
Twitching.**

**Dr. Miles' Nervine Did
Relieve and Cure.**

"The doctor tried but couldn't relieve me" is a phrase commonly met with in the letters we receive from grateful patients. The reason is plain. The doctor tries to cure the symptom and neglects the disease. In all cases of chronic headache, nervousness, weakness, general debility, dizzy spells, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, lack of energy, loss of flesh, lack of interest, morbid tendencies, hysteria, the disease is a nervous disorder and some means must be taken to strengthen and restore the nervous system. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is performing wonders every day and will cure you as it has thousands of others. Read how quickly it acted in the following case:

"A few years ago I was greatly troubled with nervousness and indigestion. While at work a dizzy spell would come over me and I would be forced to stop and rest. I suffered terribly from headaches and my nervousness was so marked as to cause almost constant twitching of the muscles. My doctor tried but could not relieve me. I finally began the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and continued until I have used four bottles, although I have not had a dizzy spell since taking the first dose. I am very thankful for what your medicine has done for me and shall take pleasure in recommending it whenever I can."—FRANK P. BENTLEY, Middlebury, Vt.

All druggists sell and guarantee first both the Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

New Goods! & Nice Clean Room!

SPECIAL PRICES.

TO THE RETAIL TRADE ONLY.

The prices quoted are for new fresh goods just opened.

B. T. Babbitt's Lye,.....7c per can	Tomatoes—Large Size,.....8c per can
Small Prunes,.....2 lbs. for 5c	Light Syrup,.....25c per gallon
Raisins,.....4 lbs. for 25c	Pure Sunlight Sugar Syrup,
Dried Peaches,.....4 lbs. for 25c	a bargain, at.....30c per gallon
Dried Peaches,.....8c per pound	Corn Starch, 4c per pack.
Rice,.....5c per pound	Regular price 5c
Canned Salmon,.....8c per can	3 lbs Loose Roasted Coffee for 25c.

Look at These Prices.

Granulated Sugar.....5½c the lb.
High Grade of Soft White Sugar.....
New Orleans Granulated Sugar.....

Bring along your eggs, I pay as much as any other merchant, and sell you the goods from 10 to 20 per cent. less than you have been paying for them.

ALL GOODS ARE POSITIVELY SOLD FOR CASH.

JOHN F. MILLER,

Center Square,

NEW OXFORD.

Grand Carnival and Street Fair

IN HANOVER, PA.

Monday to Saturday, June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1903,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF HANOVER FIRE CO.

Every Day a Big Day—Every Hour Lively!

For the first time in the history of Hanover will be given, for one solid week, the exhibitions so popular throughout the country by the famous

Hatch-Adams Midway Carnival Company.

NEW ATTRACTIONS EVERY DAY,

including Prof. Bobby MARSHALL, Champion High Diver of the World.
BARTONA, King of the High Wire. RIP, the Hig Diving Dog.
THE GREAT ADAMS, in Sensational Acrobatics.
Prof. McSHERRY, World's Greatest Balloonist and Parachute, using the Mammoth Hatch-Adams Balloon.
HATCH-ADAMS MILITARY BAND of 14 Pieces.

NEW TENTS—NEW ACTS—BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION.

Mt. Pelée—Tent 30x70. Dot—Tent 25x70. Hall of Fame—Tent 22x50. Dog and Monkey Circus—Tent 30x60. Lunette, the Flying Lady—Tent 30x65. Old Plantation—Tent 27x70. Streets of Cairo—Tent 30x80. Palace of Illusions—Tent 35x75. Girl From Up There—Tent 26x50. Ferris Wheel, Merry Go Round, and Many Other Choice Attractions.

G. E. Spangler, MUSIC ROOMS.

I have now my store filled with the
leading makes of

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

Sewing Machines,

Small Musical Merchandise, Music,
Strings, &c., &c.



PIANOS:

STIEFF,
KIMBALL,
SHAFF BROS.,
HOBERT M. COBLE,
WHITNEY,
AND OTHERS.

ORGANS

Kimball, Weaver, Estey, Farrand, Carpenter, and
othe makes.

**Piano Players and
Talking Machines.**

All goods guaranteed. Call and examine my stock
before buying, or write for catalogue.

INSTRUMENTS ON EASY TERMS.

Geo. E. Spangler,

Music Rooms.

48 AND 52 YORK STREET,

Gettysburg,

Penn'a.

Rural Delivery Boxes. . .

The undersigned desire to
inform the citizens of the
surrounding country that
they have for sale Rural Mail
Delivery Boxes from \$1.50 up.
Call and see them before purchasing.

Gilbert & Son,

Center Square,

New Oxford, Pa.

WEST END GROCERY

I have just received a large and fine lot of

::: Canned and Dried Fruits :::

which I am selling at prices that will meet any competition.

Will sell you 1000 Parlor Matches for 5cst.—Regular price 10c.

Carpet Tacks at 1c per box.

Am paying 15c per dozen for eggs this week.

Have for sale ICE CREAM and BANANAS at all times during season.

My stock of Groceries, &c., is all new and fresh and comprises everything kept in a first-class establishment of this kind and will sell at prices as low as the lowest. Come see.

I. W. LIVINGSTON,

West End Grocer,

NEW OXFORD.

In room formerly occupied by the late Philip Myers, near the W. M. Depot.

AT THE MODEL.

SOMETHING FACINATING

about the shoes that we are showing for Spring and Summer wear. They are so well made, so symmetrical in form that the eye cannot rest upon them without being highly pleased, and the beauty is not confined solely to the feminine footwear.

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES

are equally Stylish and all are of Excellent Quality.

Treat your feet well by putting them in these comfortable homes. Prices touch the pocket book lightly.

L. H. HOFFACKER.

Model Cash Shoe Store. Fountain Sq., Hanover, Pa.

IT ISN'T THE MATERIAL THAT GOES INTO YOUR REPAIRED WATCH THAT RESULTS IN A PERFECT JOB--IT IS THE

Know How

THAT DOES THE BUSINESS. Any bungler can buy the fine kinds of material we use in repairing; but SKILL is the most valuable material that can be used in watch repairing; and the bungler CAN'T buy it. We sell our skill for what it is worth, and it will cost you less than bungling at a lower price. Give us a call and be convinced.

KUHN BROS.,

36 Carlisle St.,

HANOVER, PENN'A.

Gettysburg is troubled with a cow, that it is pastured on the streets and alleys of that historic town. It seems that the borough has no law against its intrusions and its owner, ex councilman Beck, refuses to keep her stabled while there is plenty of grass in town.

GREATLY ALARMED—By a persistent cough, but permanently cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. H. P. Burbage, a student at law, in Greenville, S. C., had been troubled for four or five years with a continuous cough which he says, "greatly alarmed me, causing me to fear that I was in the first stage of consumption." Mr. Burbage, having seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised concluded to try it. Now read what he says of it: "I soon felt a remarkable change and after using two bottles of the twenty five cent size, was permanently cured." Sold by Randoip Wehler.

FURNITURE.

I have now the most
Complete Stock of

Furniture

that has ever been exhibited in New Oxford. The stock comprises everything for the housekeeper, or those who contemplate going to housekeeping. Hundreds of

Thrifty Housekeepers

have taken advantage of our extraordinary bargains offered and have saved money thereby. The

Prices are Unprecedented, showing unusual care in selecting good goods and a knowledge of the manufacturers' bottom prices.

—Drop in and see our stock and grand display in our new large rooms.

Undertaking a Specialty.

A. S. FEISER,

Philadelphia St., - New Oxford.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, Baled Hay and Straw, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom price.

J. H. Duttera, Jr.,
425ly, New Oxford, Pa.

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Relieve and Cure.**

"The doctor tried but couldn't relieve me" is a phrase commonly met with in the letters we receive from grateful patients. The reason is plain. The doctor tries to cure the symptom and neglects the disease. In all cases of chronic headache, nervousness, weakness, general debility, dizzy spells, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, lack of energy, loss of flesh, lack of interest, morbid tendencies, hysteria, the disease is a nervous disorder and some means must be taken to strengthen and restore the nervous system. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is performing wonders every day and will cure you as it has thousands of others. Read how quickly it acted in the following case:

"A few years ago I was greatly troubled with nervousness and indigestion. While at work a dizzy spell would come over me and I would be forced to stop and rest. I suffered terribly from headaches and my nervousness was so marked as to cause almost constant twitching of the muscles. My doctor tried but could not relieve me. I finally began the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and continued until I have used four bottles, although I have not had a dizzy spell since taking the first dose. I am very thankful for what your medicine has done for me and shall take pleasure in recommending it whenever I can."—FRANK P. BENTLEY, Middlebury, Vt.

All druggists sell and guarantee first both Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

New Goods! & Nice Clean Room!

SPECIAL PRICES.

TO THE RETAIL TRADE ONLY.

The prices quoted are for new fresh goods just opened.

B. T. Babbitt's Lye,.....7c per can	Tomatoes—Large Size,.....8c per can
Small Prunes,.....2 lbs. for 5c	Light Syrup,.....25c per gallon
Raisins,.....4 lbs. for 25c	Pure Sunlight Sugar Syrup,
Dried Peaches,.....4 lbs. for 25c	a bargain, at.....30c per gallon
Dried Peaches,.....8c per pound	Corn Starch, 4c per pack.
Rice,.....5c per pound	Regular price 5c
Canned Salmon,.....8c per can	8 lbs Loose Roasted Coffee for 25c.

Look at These Prices.

Granulated Sugar.....5½c the lb.
High Grade of Soft White Sugar.....
New Orleans Granulated Sugar.....

Bring along your eggs, I pay as much as any other merchant, and sell you the goods from 10 to 20 per cent. less than you have been paying for them.

ALL GOODS ARE POSITIVELY SOLD FOR CASH.

JOHN F. MILLER,

Center Square,

NEW OXFORD.

Grand Carnival and Street Fair

IN HANOVER, PA.

Monday to Saturday, June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1903,
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF HANOVER FIRE CO.

Every Day a Big Day—Every Hour Lively!

For the first time in the history of Hanover will be given, for one solid week, the exhibitions so popular throughout the country by the famous

Hatch-Adams Midway Carnival Company.

NEW ATTRACTIONS EVERY DAY,

including Prof. Bobby MARSHALL, Champion High Diver of the World.
BARTONA, King of the High Wire. RIP, the Big Diving Dog.
THE GREAT ADAMS, in Sensational Acrobatics.
Prof. McSHERRY, World's Greatest Balloonist and Parachute, using the Mammoth Hatch-Adams Balloon.
HATCH-ADAMS MILITARY BAND of 14 Pieces.

NEW TENTS—NEW ACTS—BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION.

Mt. Pelee—Tent 30x70. Dot—Tent 25x70. Hall of Fame—Tent 22x50. Dog and Monkey Circus—Tent 30x60. Lunette, the Flying Lady—Tent 30x65. Old Plantation—Tent 27x70. Streets of Cairo—Tent 30x80. Palace of Illusions—Tent 35x75. Girl From Up There—Tent 26x50. Ferris Wheel, Merry Go Round, and Many Other Choice Attractions.

G. E. Spangler, MUSIC ROOMS.

I have now my store filled with the
leading makes of

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

Sewing Machines,

Small Musical Merchandise, Music,
Strings, &c., &c.



PIANOS:
STIEFF,
KIMBALL,
SHAFF BROS.,
HOBERT M. COBLE,
WHITNEY,
AND OTHERS.

ORGANS

Kimball, Weaver, Estey, Farrand, Carpenter, and
othe makes.

**Piano Players and
Talking Machines.**

All goods guaranteed. Call and examine my stock
before buying, or write for catalogue.

INSTRUMENTS ON EASY TERMS.

**Geo. E. Spangler,
Music Rooms.**

48 AND 52 YORK STREET,

Gettysburg,

Penn'a.

Rural Delivery Boxes. . .

The undersigned desire to
inform the citizens of the
surrounding country that
they have for sale Rural Mail
Delivery Boxes from \$1.50 up.
Call and see them before purchasing.

Gilbert & Son,

Center Square,

New Oxford, Pa.

WEST END GROCERY

I have just received a large and fine lot of

::: Canned and Dried Fruits :::

which I am selling at prices that will meet any competition.

Will sell you 1000 Parlor Matches for 5c.—Regular price 10c.
Carpet Tacks at 1c per box.

Am paying 15c per dozen for eggs this week.

Have for sale ICE CREAM and BANANAS at all times during season.

My stock of Groceries, &c., is all new and fresh and comprises everything kept in a first-class establishment of this kind and will sell at prices as low as the lowest. Come see.

I. W. LIVINGSTON,

West End Grocer,

NEW OXFORD.

In room formerly occupied by the late Philip Myers, near the W. M. Depot.

AT THE MODEL.

SOMETHING FACINATING

about the shoes that we are showing for Spring and Summer wear. They are so well made, so symmetrical in form that the eye cannot rest upon them without being highly pleased, and the beauty is not confined solely to the feminine footwear.

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES

are equally Stylish and all are of Excellent Quality.

Treat your feet well by putting them in these comfortable homes. Prices touch the pocket book lightly.

L. H. HOFFACKER.

Model Cash Shoe Store.

Fountain Sq., Hanover, Pa.

IT ISN'T THE MATERIAL THAT GOES INTO YOUR REPAIRED WATCH THAT RESULTS IN A PERFECT JOB--IT IS THE

Know How

THAT DOES THE BUSINESS. Any bungler can buy the fine kinds of material we use in repairing; but SKILL is the most valuable material that can be used in watch repairing; and the bungler CAN'T buy it. We sell our skill for what it is worth, and it will cost you less than bungling at a lower price. Give us a call and be convinced.

KUHN BROS.,

36 Carlisle St.,

HANOVER,

PENN'A.

Gettysburg is troubled with a cow, that it is pastured on the streets and alleys of that historic town. It seems that the borough has no law against its intrusions and its owner, ex councilman Beck, refuses to keep her stabled while there is plenty of grass in town.

GREATLY ALARMED—By a persistent cough, but permanently cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. H. P. Burdage, a student at law, in Greenville, S. C., had been troubled for four or five years with a continuous cough which he says, "greatly alarmed me, causing me to fear that I was in the first stage of consumption." Mr. Burdage, having seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised concluded to try it. Now read what he says of it: "I soon felt a remarkable change and after using two bottles of the twenty five cent size, was permanently cured." Sold by Randoip Wehler.

FURNITURE.

I have now the most
Complete Stock of

Furniture

that has ever been exhibited in New Oxford. The stock comprises everything for the housekeeper, or those who contemplate going to housekeeping. Hundreds of

Thrifty Housekeepers

have taken advantage of our extraordinary bargains offered and have saved money thereby. The

Prices are Unprecedented, showing unusual care in selecting good goods and a knowledge of the manufacturers' bottom prices.

—Drop in and see our stock and grand display in our new large rooms.

Undertaking a Specialty.

A. S. FEISER,

Philadelphia St., - New Oxford.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, Baled Hay and Straw, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the Best BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom price.

J. H. Duttera, Jr.,
New Oxford, Pa.